65251 | 75¢

JOHN MACKLIN PASSPORT TO THE UNKNOWN

A new and bizarre chronicle of occult phenomena

Mrs. Lucretia Farrell decided to retire to bed early and it was from her bedroom window that she first heard the strange noises coming from the garden, like animals whimpering. Drawing back her curtains, she looked out into the castle grounds.

In the pale moonlight she stared at hundreds of foxes. To her amazement, as she watched, more and more were coming from all directions to join those already there. It was like a tidal wave of animals moving swiftly towards the castle walls.

Farm workers, making their way home from the fields, were the first to see the foxes. The superstitious men knew why they were gathering: the Viscount of Gormanston was dying. They made the sign of the cross before hurrying off—in the opposite direction.

Nobody knows why the foxes gather before the death of a Gormanston, but recently the mother of the present Viscount, Mrs. Pamela O'Connor said: "This is something that has happened time and time again for the past 600 years; the family cannot simply shrug it off. We are convinced that the appearance of the foxes *does* portend death for the head of the family."

An all new collection of strange—but true—events, inexplicable enough to set many a reader wondering just how firmly we are rooted in scientific reality.

By John Macklin: *

STRANGE DESTINIES

STRANGE ENCOUNTERS

THE ENIGMA OF THE UNKNOWN

THE STRANGE AND UNCANNY

* Available in *ACE STAR* editions.

PASSPORT TO THE UNKNOWN

JOHN MACKLIN

ACE BOOKS

A Division of Charter Communications Inc.

1120 Avenue of the Americas

New York, N. Y. 10036

Copyright ©, 1968, by Ace Books, Inc.

This book or any portion thereof may not be reproduced without permission in writing from the publisher.

An *ACE STAR* book by arrangement with the Author.

Printed in the U.S.A.

Table of Contents

THE TRUMPETER WHO ROUSED A DEAD MAN 7
TERRORIZED BY A TRAIN 9
THE EXOTIC FLOWER THAT MAKES MEN SEEK DEATH 11
THE CURSE OF THE KOHINOOR 17
THE JINXED SUBMARINE 20
NINE RAPS AT MIDNIGHT 23
THE CLIMBER WHO DIED THREE TIMES 26
THE CURSED FIG TREE 29
100 YEAR JINX ON THE ROYAL FAMILY 31
THE "DREAM HOUSE" 34
THE FOXES BROUGHT DEATH 36
RESCUED—BY A GHOST 39
HE FOUGHT IN PHAROAH'S ARMY 41
DID MAGIC GUIDE THE ASSASSIN'S HAND 43
DECLARED ALIVE—AFTER 28 YEARS 46
THE STATUETTE WITH THE TOUCH OF DEATH 49
A JOURNEY INTO OBLIVION 52
THE GRAY MAN OF BEN MACDHUI 54
THE MEN WHO BECAME DOGS 59
DREAM UP A MAN—THEN MARRY HIM 62
WAS MOSES A MARTIAN? 65
THE MYSTERY IN THE BLACK MUSEUM 68
HIS DREAM PREVENTED A NIGHTMARE 71

THE GLASS WALKING STICK 74
LITTLE GIRL LOST—FOREVER 77
VOODOO DANCERS DRIVE AWAY THE DEAD 79
CAPTIVES IN A FLYING SAUCER 82
THE HAUNTED CELLAR 86
FRONT PAGE FORECAST: DISASTER 88
HIS ROOMMATE WAS A GHOST! 91
FOUR DEAD AIRMEN—RETURNED TO BASE 94
HAUNTED—FOR NO REASON 97
THE PHANTOM OF A FRIGHTENED CHILD 99
POSSESSED BY HER MOTHER'S SPIRIT 102
GHOST SHIP 104
HIS GUN WAS A KILLER 107
SHE SAW HER OWN FUTURE 109
THE GHOST AND RUBY MILLER 111
PHANTOM FOOTSTEPS IN THE HOSPITAL 114
HE MET HIS DEAD SISTER 116
POSTAGE STAMP PROPHESIED A KING'S DEATH 118
BOY'S GHOST REMAINED AT HOME 120
THREE MEN VANISHED . . . 123
CHILD'S DOLL WAS A KILLER 127
ANNE MURPHY'S REVENGE 129
THE CASE OF THE PSYCHIC SENTRY 132
HER DREAMS ARE SURE BETS 133
SHADOWED BY PHANTOM FOOTSTEPS 136
GHOST BAFFLES SECURITY POLICE 138
HE LIVED IN ATLANTIS . . . 141
THE MAD BELLS OF GREAT BEALINGS HOUSE 143
BLITHE SPIRIT KEPT HER COMPANY 146
THE GHOST AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PIT 148
THE VILLAGE WAS RULED BY THE DEVIL! 150
APPARITION AT SANDRINGHAM HOUSE 156

THE TRUMPETER WHO ROUSED A DEAD MAN

In the Yorkshire town of Ripon, there is a remarkably well-preserved, 13th century building which was originally the "Wakeman's House." And for more than 700 years the house was allowed to grow old gracefully. Then in 1932 hundreds of people were to simultaneously see the same ghost.

Originally, the local wakeman or sheriff had lived in the building, but by 1932, it had been empty for very many years.

Then the local authorities decided that the building should be redecorated, and planned to reopen it at a special ceremony which would be attended by large crowds of townspeople. It was to be quite a festive occasion, with a trumpeter blowing the city horn outside the ancient house as part of the ceremony.

So, on the day, the trumpeter stepped forward and sounded his horn. As the last notes faded away the crowd of hundreds suddenly gasped and swayed forward. Every eye was staring at the upper window in the old house. For at this window stood the figure of a man dressed in outlandish garments. Then he disappeared.

After the ceremony, descriptions of the man were carefully noted down and hundreds of people were questioned. Despite minor differences, the majority of

the descriptions tallied perfectly and it was established that the strange figure had been wearing 13th century costume.

At the time of the ceremony the old house had been purposely left unoccupied. A quick check before the ceremony had been made to insure that no workmen had been left behind, as this could have spoiled the ceremony. Then special guards were placed on the locked doors, to insure that nobody went inside, so there could not *possibly* have been anyone in the building. Yet, hundreds of eye-witnesses did see the figure in 13th century dress inside the building.

Some months later, a painting of the very first Wakeman to have lived there was discovered. Every detail in that painting exactly matched the descriptions of the strange figure the crowd had seen at the upper window.

The first Wakeman had been Hugh Ripley. Witnesses not only described his clothes, identical to those worn in the painting—they also accurately described his height and his features.

Had only one person seen this weird figure at the window then there might be room for doubt. But how can one explain away an experience such as this? The sighting of a ghost, by hundreds of onlookers at a city ceremony? Nobody in that crowd that day had ever seen a picture of the first Wakeman. Indeed, few had even heard of him.

There is only one explanation. And that is, on that day, a massed crowd of several hundred men, women and children all saw the *same* ghost.

TERRORIZED BY A TRAIN

The signal-box attendant dropped the telephone and stared down the railway track in alarm. The message had been no hoax. A runaway engine was thundering towards the siding. There was no one at the controls, its brakes had failed, and now it was rattling down the main line, less than a mile from a busy Birmingham station.

The signalman sprang to his battery levers, threw a set of points to block the main line, then ducked as the train roared past.

The train hit the points, screeched across a rail loop, and hurtled down a branch line into the back of a freight train. A dead guard was later carried from the wreckage.

When the story appeared in newspapers all over Britain, railwaymen knowingly shook their heads. They were not surprised. Because the engine in the crash was the D326.

Ever since it had been built five years ago, the D326 had been in trouble, and railwaymen called it "the Devil Engine." They said it was jinxed. They could point to the weird coincidence of D326's part in a series of fatal accidents.

The first time the engine roared into the headlines on December 26, 1962, by crashing into another train—18 passengers were killed.

This was an accident that should never have happened. The driver, Peter Balchin, had plenty of warning that all signals were against him, but when he applied the powerful brakes—D326 failed to respond.

For the next seven months it stayed in a railway workshop being repaired.

Then on August 8, 1963—the night of the Great Train Robbery—a mail train carrying nearly £3 million in used banknotes was ambushed near Aylesbury, in Buckinghamshire. The engineer was brutally battered on the head, and because of his injuries has not been able to work since. His engine was the D326.

It should not have been. Only minutes before the original engine was due to be linked up to the coaches it was found to have a mechanical fault, and D326 was rushed from the sheds as a replacement.

The next incident involving D326 came four weeks later. This time engineer Henry Carter died at the controls from a heart attack and only the quick action by his fireman prevented a serious accident—D326 was attached to ten coaches on the Manchester from London route.

August, 1964, and this time the victim was a fireman. He was killed when he touched overhead power cables as he was standing on top of the D326.

Eight weeks after this incident D326 claimed three more victims. Three men were killed while working on the railway track. Nobody knows why they failed to hear the train coming along the tracks. But stranger

still, the engineer of D326 *saw* the men and tried to apply his brakes. But, once again, they failed to respond. Later, when examined by inspectors, the brakes were declared to be *in perfect working order.*

During the next twelve months, D326 made many journeys without incident and railwaymen began to think that perhaps the jinx had passed. But they were wrong—A railway guard was the next victim. He died in November, 1965, when engine D326 crashed into the back of his train.

On this occasion D326 was badly damaged, and many railwaymen hoped that it would be scrapped. But once again it was sent to railway workshops and instructions given for the necessary repairs to be made. These took nearly seven months, and on its trial run the fireman slipped from his platform and received fatal injuries when he was struck by a passing train.

D326 has now been taken out of service and stands in a large railway shed at Swindon. Mechanically there is nothing wrong with it. And nobody is willing to give a reason why D326 is not being used. But railway workers are delighted; they hope D326 will never be used again.

THE EXOTIC FLOWER THAT MAKES MEN SEEK DEATH

In September, 1940, Senor Christofo Martena was found slumped over a table in his laboratory, the withered remains of a rare orchid in his clenched fist. One

of the world's greatest botanists was dead. The whisper spread that one of the rarest flowers in the world, the blue orchid, had claimed another victim.

Martena's death created a worldwide sensation and the verdict of the coroner in Buenos Aires—death as a result of heart failure—only added to the mystery . . . Martena had been a healthy, fit man in his late 30's.

Another botanist, Pedro Altas, had scoured the jungles of South America seeking this exotic bloom . . . a single flower among 5,000 *known* orchid species. Altas was also searching for ruined temples, because he knew that they were believed to be the usual haunts of the blue orchid.

Suddenly, after many weeks of fruitless searching, his Indian guides stumbled on one such ruin. Slowly and carefully, they searched among the brush and rubble for that rare orchid.

The Indian guides searched as eagerly as Altas, because they believed the blue orchid possessed great powers. Then, almost ready to give up the search and continue their journey, one of the Indians suddenly caught sight of a tiny shoot poking up between the massive roots of a giant tree—it was the blue orchid.

Altas carefully wrapped the treasure in moss and timber bark then started off on the return trip to Buenos Aires, where he handed it over at the Botanical Institute to Senor Martena for analysis.

Eagerly Martena rushed to lock himself in his laboratory to study the orchid. And a few hours later, he was dead.

The feeling of all who knew about this latest *victim* of the "dreaded jungle flower god" was summed up by

a superstitious cleaning woman at the institute. "The white ghost of the flower has caused another death. The jungle god must not be defiled," she declared as she burned what was left of the shriveled plant.

Countless explorers and botanists have been lured to death by this strange, exotic plant. And even now, more than 200 years since the blue orchid was first discovered, she remains the most coveted orchid and flower in the world.

Many men found the elusive orchid. Only to be found, later crumpled in death . . . with the flower fading in their hands.

Some strange and awful spell seems to fall upon anybody who handles the flower. And so the blue orchid remains a mystery, blossoming in the dark shadows of enormous Amazonian trees.

The first stories of this remarkable flower were told by seamen in the 17th century, who spoke of the blue flower as being the most wonderful in the world. But it lay hidden somewhere in South American jungles.

The fact that this flower defied detection amazed botanists. But primitive jungle tribesmen believed the orchid possessed supernatural powers. They erected primitive altars to worship their blue god and were fanatically ready to protect it from all those who came seeking it.

But although many adventurers were undaunted by these threats of sudden death, the lure of the blue orchid was irresistible.

Many brave men went alone to bring back the prized bloom—few returned. Of a large Spanish expedition which

set out in the 18th century, only one guide returned safely. And he was raving mad.

Not long after the fall of Napoleon's empire, a Danish expedition led by the scientist, Dr. Thoerness, set out. They reached the mouth of the Amazon River and set off into the interior until they reached orchid country.

Then, early one morning, they were attacked by hostile Indians—showers of poisoned darts hurled certain death at them.

Dr. Thoerness managed to escape and fled into the jungle with a terrified Indian servant. They hacked their way through the dense jungle constantly afraid the hostiles would follow.

Then suddenly Thoerness stopped . . . for there between a pile of rock, fenced off with poisoned tipped thorns by the natives for its protection, was the flower he had faced death to find! However, it had been deserted by the native guard while he took part in the attack on Thoerness's camp.

Triumphant, he cut the stem and made off with the flower. On reaching the banks of the Amazon, they found a canoe and began to paddle back to the coast. Then, the curse of the orchid struck again. The canoe capsized, tossing Thoerness and his servant into the fast flowing current.

Thoerness called to his servant who was a strong swimmer to carry the flower to safety. But the dreaded caymans claimed him, and the bloom was lost.

For years, other expeditions have met with similar fates. Fabulous rewards have been offered by botanical gardens and even museums for one single seed of the blue orchid.

Piet de Veldt, a Dutch tulip grower and millionaire, sent off a large party of well-armed men. He promised great rewards if the blue orchid was found. Botanists all over the world confidently expected success at long last, for de Veldt was a man who had never known failure.

But again the strange jinx struck them down. The whole party caught a fatal fever. The orchid had become a legend.

Not long after the First World War, a famous explorer, Carl Heussner, evolved what he thought would be the perfect plan. He trained a carrier pigeon to fly the blue orchid down the Amazon so that he would not have to handle it, until he had left the jungle.

Heussner found *two* specimens, but they were fenced off by natives and strongly guarded. Then he found an unguarded altar. He secured the youngest shoot from the plant and fastened it to the pigeon. In a flash the bird was soaring over the treetops. But when it seemed that he had succeeded a huge condor attacked the pigeon. Heussner fired his rifle at the condor, and missed, but the shot brought the Indians after him. Only one guide escaped the massacre.

For the next eight years the search for the blue orchid was abandoned. It seemed certain that no man could survive—even if he got his hands on the coveted flower.

Then Dr. Andermart, a doctor at the Institute for Tropical Illnesses in Rio de Janeiro, heard of a mysterious fever on the banks of the Amazon and went off to investigate the outbreak.

He found a tribe whose chief was down with the fever. The man was on a rough litter in the center of a

circle of tribesmen, who watched while a witch doctor made efforts to cure the chief. Dr. Andermart started to protest, but stopped when he saw the witch doctor waving a strange blue flower over the sick man— It was the blue orchid.

He soon found that the natives were convinced that the blue orchid had healing powers. So examining the chief, Andermart announced that he could cure him. But he insisted on taking the man down the river to a white settlement, Toruga. The natives agreed, and also to the doctor's request that he should be left in sole charge of his patient.

Dr. Andermart hid the blue orchid in a dressing which he applied to the chieftain's head. Things couldn't have gone better. An operation on the chief was successful and Dr. Andermart, with the fabulous blue orchid safely secured in a container, made his way to Rio de Janeiro as fast as he could.

He booked passage to Portugal on a small steamship, the *Sonora,* confident that he had beaten the curse and that a huge fortune awaited him in Europe. But the *Sonora* never reached Portugal. Somewhere at sea she vanished with all her crew and passengers—and the blue orchid.

The jungle god seemed to have triumphed once more . . .

So one flower still has the world bothered, bewildered and, perhaps, bewitched. It is the fabulous blue orchid.

THE CURSE OF THE KOHINOOR

One of the most famous and priceless diamonds in the world is the Kohinoor, the Mountain of Light. And today it can be seen on one of the Crowns belonging to the British Royal Family.

The Kohinoor is also one of the most notorious diamonds in the world—it has been blamed for the strange deaths of at least seven men.

Each year, in August, the Tower of London, where the Crown Jewels are stored, is closed to the public, while a team of experts clean and repair the Royal Regalia. And while the workmen may jokingly try most of the crowns on for size, the crown containing the Kohinoor is one that no man dares to wear.

The East India Company gave the diamond to Queen Victoria in 1850 on the annexation of the Punjab. At the time she was discreetly told that it would be wise if she wore the diamond as a personal ornament and did not commit it to becoming part of the Regalia.

For reasons best known only to Queen Victoria, she did not ask why, but entrusted The Earl of Dalhousie, Governor-General of India, to bring the Kohinoor to

England. He placed it in his waistcoat pocket for safety, and forgot about it. When his valet decided to send the waistcoat to be cleaned, it was remembered just in time that the world's most famous diamond was still in the pocket.

Queen Victoria was happy to wear it as a brooch. Then she asked for a detailed account of its history. When told she immediately decided to bequeath it to the Princess of Wales on condition that no Royal Prince was to wear it under any circumstances. It was to be kept for the women of the family.

It was on Queen Alexandra's diadem at her coronation, Queen Mary wore it on her high slender crown in 1911, and Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, wore it in 1937.

What was the story that Queen Victoria heard—and believed?

Why, even today, are instructions laid down that only women should wear this radiant stone?

The legend started in 1739, when Nadir Shah captured and pillaged Delhi. He heard of the existence of the Koh-i-noor but could not find any trace of it. Then an informer brought him the information that the Emperor himself kept the jewel concealed inside his turban.

To anyone but Nadir Shah this would have been a serious problem, but he took it in his stride and invited the Emperor to dine with him.

When it was time to exchange the traditional gifts, Nadir Shah took off his turban and invited the Emperor to exchange his as a "token of friendship."

In the East this is a high honor that cannot be refused . . . and to refuse to exchange would be an insult.

Reluctantly, the Emperor handed over his turban, and Nadir Shah went off with the booty.

But Nadir Shah did not realize that the diamond had been blamed for the Emperor's defeat in battle. Even then the Kohinoor was considered an evil object, wreaking dreadful vengeance on all men who wore it.

Within a week, Nadir Shah was dead, the victim of an assassin. When his son inherited the stone, he was deposed and tried to flee with the jewel in his sash. But he was caught and killed.

Several other princes came into its possession, only to die shortly afterwards in either mysterious or tragic circumstances.

By now people began to fear the stone. No man would wear it—and few women wanted to try.

On learning that the stone had come into the possession of her husband, Queen Mumaz Mahal asked him if she could have it for a present. Not wishing to upset his wife, Shah Jehan handed it over.

It was to her memory that the world's most beautiful memorial sanctuary, the Taj Mahal, was built.

This was the story that Queen Victoria heard and recorded in one of her famous diaries.

Queen Elizabeth II wanted to wear it in her crown at her coronation in 1953, but was persuaded from doing so. While everyone is convinced the Kohinoor is malignant to men, they are not sure it is friendly to Queen's Regnant. So nobody, except the Queen, would dare to wear that crown.

Meanwhile, the stone of death, remains on view to thousands of visitors who come to gaze at the Crown Jewels . . . and look in wonder at the Mountain of Light.

Only time can tell whether or not the Heir Apparent, Prince Charles, will be willing to wear it at his coronation . . .

THE JINXED SUBMARINE

The German U-boat, UB-65, seemed doomed from the very beginning. While the sleek, shark-like submarine was being built a girder slipped from its slings and killed two men. Two weeks later, three dock workers died when the engine-room filled with fumes.

Of course, the accidents were hushed-up. For this was wartime and UB-65 was one of the flotilla of 25 submarines being built to prey on allied shipping.

But UB-65 was different from the others—she was a jinx ship.

In September, 1916, Admiral Eduard von Capelle put the flotilla into service and on the first day of the test cruise, the weather suddenly deteriorated. UB-65's commander ordered the chief petty officer to make a routine inspection of the hull before their first test dive. The man climbed out of the conning tower . . . and calmly and deliberately walked overboard. He was never seen again.

The commander ordered the test dive. A white feather of foam marked the submarine's perfect descent. At 35

feet, he gave the order to level out. But the submarine kept on diving. It came to rest on the sea bed.

For 15 hours she was stranded; water penetrated her hull and seeped into the batteries. The air became highly toxic with fumes.

Luckily for the crew, miraculously, the submarine began to float upwards before the concentration of gas could become dangerous. But from then on, death became a regular visitor to UB-65.

At Bruges, in Belgium, UB-65 was taking on supplies, when a torpedo blew up, killing her first-lieutenant and five enlisted men.

Because of the damage caused by the explosion, Admiral Ludwig von Schroder, of the German High Command, decided to send the vessel into dry dock. The crew was given shore leave, and a watch remained on board.

The same night, the petty officer of the watch dashed into the commander's cabin and collapsed: "I saw it! It's come aboard, the ghost of the first-lieutenant." The two officers went up on deck and saw the ghost standing in the bows, arms folded.

Again the incident was hushed up. The High Command dismissed the ghost story as nonsense. They blamed battle fatigue on an inexperienced crew. They sent it back to sea.

For the next few months, everything went well for the submarine. It sent several British ships to the bottom and morale aboard reached a high peak. It looked as if UB-65 had shaken off the hoodoo.

Then a new wave of terror swept through the submarine. It began on the day the commander decided

to surface and recharge the batteries. Seconds later, the lookout shrieked: "It's come back! It's standing there with its arms folded just like Pedersen saw it!" The commander climbed down to the deck and called out a challenge. And slowly, the "thing" up in the bows turned towards him—revealing the face of the dead first-lieutenant.

After a series of incidents followed, crew morale fell and the High Command decided something was wrong. So a chaplain conducted a service of exorcism, and UB-65 was sent back on active service.

Within days of leaving the base, a leading-gunner went mad and killed himself. Later that same day, the engineer-lieutenant developed a high fever after breaking his leg in a fall. Both men, in the previous 24 hours, had seen the ghost of the dead officer. And at dawn the next day, Petty-officer Meyer jumped overboard and swam away . . . to his death.

The submarine headed back to base, where the whole crew was replaced and the UB-65 was refitted. With a completely new ship's company, the U-boat nosed towards the southern tip of Ireland.

On July 10, 1918, three weeks after leaving base, the UB-65 was spotted by an American submarine, she was adrift and apparently derelict. She was a sitting target, and the American sub decided to make short work of sending her to the bottom.

But before the American could fire, a sudden violent explosion blotted out the target.

And as the UB-65 disappeared beneath the waves, the American commander saw the figure of a German

officer motionless on the submarine's bow; his arms were folded across his chest, his head bowed.

On July 31, 1918, the German High Command issued the brief communique: "One of our submarines, UB-65 must be presumed lost with 34 officers and men."

After the war, the American submarine commander said: "I am positive that nobody was aboard UB-65 when we spotted her. And I know that I saw someone standing on her bows with his arms folded across his chest."

Did *something* happen on board killing all 34 officers and men—or did they abandon ship from fright?

Today it is still a mystery. But since then, the German High Command has never used the number UB-65 on any other submarine . . .

NINE RAPS AT MIDNIGHT

The Reverend Samuel Wesley was not at all pleased when his wife interrupted his studies one evening in 1714 and asked him to pacify the children. Apparently, they were being frightened by strange noises in the bedroom.

Angry at this interruption, Wesley went upstairs to deal with all his 9 children who were all huddled under the sheets.

After scolding them severely, he was about to return to his study when he heard a sudden loud banging from the ceiling. Certainly, that couldn't be the work of any of his children. And with that, the youngest children became frightened and started to scream.

Certain that there was somebody terrifying the family, Wesley decided to buy a watch dog. The next day he came home with a large fierce mastiff. During the day, everything was quiet, but after Mrs. Wesley and the children had gone to bed—it was nearly midnight—nine terrific raps were heard on the ceiling of the study.

Followed by his huge dog, Wesley dashed up the stairs to search the house, but he couldn't find anybody . . .

The following night, he had hardly retired to his bed, when a strange noise woke his wife. So lighting candles and taking the dog, the now nervous couple searched through every room in the house. They could find no signs of an intruder but loud clanging noises seemed to follow them from room to room.

For several weeks after this the haunting continued. Every night the children were awakened by banging noises in their bedrooms.

And quite frequently Samuel Wesley heard the noises in his study ceiling. But when he went upstairs the sounds seemed to have moved downstairs.

Understandably, Wesley was disturbed and annoyed, especially since every time he challenged "the presence," he was answered by three sets of three raps . . . just as though he were being given a defiant answer.

He became so disturbed that he started dashing towards the noise and slashing out with a walking stick.

He persisted in challenging the spirit to come to his

study "like a man" and the spirit persisted in giving the three times three defiant bangs.

Eventually, Wesley invited the Rev. Hoole, vicar of the next parish, to come and live in the rectory for a week. At the end of his first evening, the Reverend Hoole led the family prayers, but was interrupted by the banging and clanging. The poor man proved to be made of nothing like such stern stuff as his host. He was so terrified that he fled from the rectory the same night.

After this, probably emboldened by the other vicar's flight, the ghost became worse than ever. Often Wesley and his wife would feel something thump down heavily on the bed. When they arose to investigate, they found nothing.

Sometimes Wesley would find himself being pushed violently from behind by unseen hands. The four grown girls of the family became amused by such antics and gave the ghost the nickname of "old Jeffrey."

But the ghost took a poor view of this and started frightening the daughters. Latches on doors would move for no apparent reason, chairs would glide about of their own volition.

One evening the four girls were playing cards in their bedroom, when to their astonishment Nancy's chair rose several feet in the air and hovered there for several minutes.

By this time, Samuel Wesley was almost at his wits end. And when an old parishioner told him that ghosts can't stand noises "contrary to their own," he hired a huntsman to go through the Rectory blowing his horn. But this only roused the ghost to a frenzy.

Then suddenly at the end of two months, the hauntings ended, and life at the rectory returned to normal. "Old Jeffrey" hasn't been heard from since.

THE CLIMBER WHO DIED THREE TIMES

Ernest Fennel is a Yorkshire coal miner. One of a tough breed of men who work hard, live hard and face up to the hard facts of life. But in 1938 Fennel found himself in a situation which was unlike *anything* he had ever come across before.

For years his only holiday had been in the summer, when he would take his family away from the grubby streets of Mexborough to a nearby seaside resort to spend the day. Then in the summer of 1938, he was suddenly in the position to take his wife and children off on a week's holiday, thanks to a lucky bet on a greyhound race.

Determined to make it a really memorable occasion, he considered several likely spots, Birdlington, Whitby, Scarborough, Filey or Skegness . . . but finally decided to rent a trailer at Cayton Bay—a lovely seaside spot between Birdlington and Scarborough.

The nearest town to Cayton Bay was Birdlington. And by walking along the beach at low tide or along the cliff tops it was possible to reach Birdlington from the trailer camp.

During the holiday week, Ernest Fennel and his family walked along the cliff top many times in both directions. But several times he commented on the dangerous cliffs at Cayton. These are several hundred feet high, rising sheer off the beach, and at the cliff top there was no fence as a safeguard.

On the second night of the holiday, Ernest was returning from Birdlington by himself along the cliff top when he had his first strange experience. It was just about dusk and he was completely sober. Even when he saw the shadowy figure trudging along the cliff tops about 50 yards ahead of him, it did not seem to be in any way unusual. Then, as they were approaching Cayton cliffs, the man ahead of him suddenly stopped—and he started to walk straight for the cliff edge. Suddenly thinking the man must either be mad or about to commit suicide Ernest shouted in alarm—and sprinted after the figure. But his shouts were ignored—and as he almost reached the other man the shadowy figure vanished . . . Ernest was astounded and thought the man must have gone over the edge, so he pulled himself along the precipice on his stomach and looked down at the beach. But there was nobody there . . .

Ernest decided not to mention the incident, for fear his family might laugh at him or accuse him of being drunk. Two days later, however, again at dusk, Ernest was once more walking back to Cayton camp along the cliff top. And again, he saw somebody walking in front of him. It was not until this figure ahead of him reached the Cayton cliffs that Ernest remembered his previous experience.

By this time it was really dark and quite difficult to

see but he could still make out the shadowy shape of a man, who seemed to be wearing summer slacks and an open-necked shirt. There was a rope wound around his shoulder crossing over his chest at an angle.

As Ernest drew near, the man moved straight for the edge of the cliff and then slipped over the edge. Then a terrible scream of fear rang out as the figure vanished.

Certain that he had witnessed an awful tragedy Ernest ran to the spot and cautiously peered over the edge. He knew there were rocks on the beach below the cliff and he could not imagine the man could have survived such a fall. At the same time, he knew that he had to get down to the beach fast to see if there was anything he could do. He raced further along the cliff to a steep pathway leading down to the beach. He began to think that what he had seen two nights ago must have been a warning. He had heard about people having premonitions, but before then Ernest hadn't believed in that sort of nonsense. He reached the beach and ran along it, until he had reached a spot exactly under the cliff over which the man fell. But there was no body lying crumpled on the rocks. The sand was wet from the receding tide, but there were no footprints . . . nothing at all.

He walked up and down the beach for a long time, before he realized that the beach really was deserted.

Back at the trailer, he told his story for the first time and the following day, he made some inquiries. He learned from a local family that, two years before, a man had set out to climb down the cliff to collect birds' eggs. But he slipped and fell to his death . . .

THE CURSED FIG TREE

In 1900, there was a fig tree growing from the wall of the village church in Newlyn East. It was a remarkably straight tree and one which the Cornishmen feared, because for many years there was a legend that this tree had been cursed . . . and that it had caused many mysterious incidents.

Though none of the village records, before 1900, revealed those incidents, they were common knowledge among the villagers. Perhaps it was *because* there was no official note of the tree's strange power that one man refused to believe the tales. His name was the Rev. Jeremiah Proby, vicar of the parish of Newlyn East . . . and as a newcomer to the village he made no secret about his views on the matter. The legend was nonsense, he claimed time and time again. Nothing more than superstition based on ignorance . . . and coincidence.

To prove just how little he cared for the curse—which threatened anyone who harmed the fig tree in any way—the Rev. Proby spent a morning pruning its branches. But if he had hoped to convince his parishioners that the legend was nonsense, he failed disastrously. For in front of a horrified crowd of villagers a branch sprang back and sent the shears flying into the vicar's wrist. It

wasn't a serious wound, but after a few months it became infected . . . and the vicar died. After that, nobody else would go near the tree, much less touch it.

But there are always many cynics. Shortly after the vicar's death, a visitor from Australia arrived in Newlyn East. His name was John Wallace and he was greatly "amused" by the legend—so much so, that before returning to Australia, he showed his complete disregard for the curse by cutting a bunch of leaves from the tree to take with him as a souvenir. Twelve months later, the villagers heard the news that Wallace had suddenly died.

The people of Newlyn East village *knew* why he had died—he had dared to mock the fig tree.

The legend started 1,400 years ago, when St. Newlyn decided to build a church in the village. She marked the site by sticking her staff into the ground, then laid a curse upon the staff to prevent anybody from stealing it. This staff grew into a fig tree. But no fig tree would live for such a long time.

The true origin of the cursed tree concerns a nobleman who lived in the village some 400 years earlier. The knight, Sir Robert Tressillian, who was Lord Chief Justice of England, had criminal charges brought against him. He was found guilty and executed. However, before his execution—and because he had been wrongly condemned—the nobleman stuck a sprig of wood into the church wall, prophesying that it would become a tree and prove his innocence. Then he laid a curse upon the small sprig . . . that anyone who dared to interfere with it would die. So a fig tree grew out of the wall of the Tressillian Chapel.

In the years afterwards many superstitious deaths in the village were explained because the victims had, in some way, "interfered with Tressillian's tree."

Over the years, several views have wanted the fig tree uprooted, but local people have been so against the idea that the tree was left unharmed.

This was the attitude until 1951; in that year a gale brought the old church wall down, tree and all . . .

100 YEAR JINX ON THE ROYAL FAMILY

Queen Victoria seemed to have a premonition shortly after the birth of her second daughter, Alice.

When the girl was only a few years old, the queen wrote in her journal: "Poor little Alice is always in trouble. I shall not let her marry as long as I can reasonably delay doing so."

When the usual Windsor house party was held for the Ascot races Alice was still only 17. She met Prince Louis of Hesse.

Within months Prince Louis proposed, but before they could marry the court was almost immediately in mourning for the death of the Queen's mother. This delayed the royal sweethearts' plans and before new arrangements for the wedding could be made the Prince Consort himself died.

Princess Alice did eventually marry, but it was amid

lingering grief brought about by the two royal deaths. Even worse, it seemed that the chain of bad luck was going to be a long and persistent one. In less than three years, the Princess found her husband plucked from her side for service in the Austro-Prussian war.

When peace came her husband's family were so poor that she found herself having to make and patch her children's clothes.

Then tragedy struck her two small sons. Playing near an open window one day, two-year-old Fritty fell out and was killed instantly. Deeply as this affected the mother, the effect on Ernst, the other son, was worse—he caught diphtheria. Night after night young Ernst shouted in his feverish nightmares: "Why can't we all die together?"

During one of his attacks, the Princess took him in her arms and kissed him. In doing so, she caught the fever and died on December 14, 1878, exactly 17 years after her father's death.

Not surprisingly, it began to be whispered that some awful hoodoo had fallen upon the House of Hesse—a hoodoo that showed no sign of fading.

When one of Princess Alice's daughters, Alix, married Tsar Nicholas of Russia, hundreds of people were killed as the crowds stampeded, and the young Tsarina was later murdered by Bolshevik revolutionaries.

Her sister, Elizabeth, married the Russian Grand Duke Serge who was assassinated in 1905. Trying to ward off the curse that seemed to haunt her family, Elizabeth entered a convent. Thirteen years later, she was killed by revolutionaries who threw her down a disused mine-shaft.

So many tragedies occurred in the family that Alex's son, Ernst, became Grand Duke when he was only 23, and his marriage which was an exceedingly unhappy one, ended in divorce. His only daughter of the marriage died suddenly, and many mischief-makers declared that she had been the victim of a poison plot intended for him.

When Grand Duke Ernst married a second time he finally found happiness and became the father of two fine sons.

Then the Grand Duke Ernst died. His widow, Princess Eleanore decided to defy the turn of events and did not allow his funeral to delay the wedding of their son, Prince Louis, as had frequently been the case in the past. She chartered a plane to fly to London for the ceremony. With her came Princess Cecilia, Prince George and their children. The plane crashed—there were no survivors.

The curse seemed to manage one last quirk of fate, before finally dying away. The Duke of Edinburgh's youngest sister, Princess Sophie, married Prince Christopher of Hesse. Later he joined the notorious Nazi Storm Troopers, known as the S.S., and rose quickly to a high position in the Nazi Party. But the hoodoo dealt with him, too . . . in an air crash in 1943.

From the birth of Queen Victoria's daughter, Alice, in 1843, the Hesse hoodoo had blighted the lives of four generations. And, almost incredibly, it seemed that this strange curse was destined to last exactly one century. For at precisely the end of that time the curse disappeared, and has never returned.

THE "DREAM HOUSE"

Scientists today know more about the strange workings of our minds than ever before in medical history . . . but they will admit that there is still a lot to be learned.

Many of them will admit, however, that some people really do seem to anticipate future events through their dreams, and one of the world's greatest authorities on extra-sensory perception, Dr. Joseph Rhine, has spent 30 years studying this subject. He has not been able to prove how or why this strange occult thing is possible. But his studies *have* established it to be a fact.

"Dream prophesies cannot be induced, they just happen," he has declared.

One of the many thousands of E.S.P. experiences which he has examined was that of Mrs. Gonnie Mathieson, an Englishwoman now living in America. It was in 1942 that she looked ahead into her own future through a dream, although at the time she did not realize this. At the time she was alone because her husband was serving overseas as a soldier.

Mrs. Mathieson dreamed that she was ill. And as the dream progressed, she saw herself being pushed in a wheelchair. She was in some place she didn't recognize,

and when she awoke, she remembered quite clearly being wheeled up a long drive towards a large, wooden bungalow.

During the whole of the following day, she could not forget the dream and she began to think that it might have been a premonition of something in the future.

The next night she had the same dream again, even more vividly than before. She was so preoccupied with it, that she wrote a long letter about it to her husband, unconsciously providing a written proof of her remarkable experience. In her letter, she also wrote: "For some reason, this house seemed to be *my* home." But as time went on Mrs. Mathieson gradually forgot about her dream . . . and it did not come back again.

Then, one night during an air-raid on Coventry, she was buried under rubble and it was hours before she was rescued. She became partially paralyzed and had to be pushed around in a wheelchair! It was then that the memory of her dream returned and she became convinced that it had been a warning about the future—about something she could not have avoided.

With part of her dream fulfilled, she now began to wonder when the bungalow would appear. Then her daughter married an American serviceman and eventually she went to America. After the war ended, Mrs. Mathieson's husband died. Paralyzed and alone, she had several years of almost intolerable loneliness. Then, one day, her daughter wrote to insist that her mother should come to live in America.

A few months later, Mrs. Mathieson found herself being wheeled up a long pathway . . . a strangely

familiar pathway . . . Then suddenly she saw a magnificent wooden bungalow. It was the same house that she had seen many years earlier in her dream.

THE FOXES BROUGHT DEATH

Farmworkers, making their way home from the fields, were the first to see them that evening in February, 1860. They heard the rustling among the undergrowth . . . and saw the foxes moving purposefully through the woods.

The superstitious Irishmen knew *why* the foxes were gathering; they also knew *where* the foxes were going. And they made the sign of the Cross, before hurrying off—in the opposite direction.

Inside Gormanston Castle, a few miles away, the 12th Viscount was seriously ill. And because of the gloomy atmosphere about the house that evening, his granddaughter, Mrs. Lucretia Farrell, decided to retire early to bed. It was there that she first heard the strange noises coming from the garden, like animals whimpering. So drawing back her curtains, she looked out into the castle grounds.

In the pale moonlight she stared at hundreds of foxes. And to her amazement, as she watched, more and more were coming from all directions to join those already

there. It was like a tidal wave of animals moving swiftly towards the castle walls. As if driven by some grim purpose, as if impelled by some strange power, the foxes passed straight through considerable flocks of poultry, and they all completely ignored the hens—their natural prey!

Then gathering beneath the walls, huddled closely together, the foxes set up a weird barking, a mournful howling—that pierced through the night. For several days the grounds were literally haunted by the foxes. They were seen and heard by other members of the family and servants, as well as people living near the castle.

Everybody knew what this meant . . . the doom of the Gormanstons. The legendery messengers of death had come to the castle to bring death to the head of the household.

On February 10, 1860, a few days after the foxes had first appeared the Viscount died. The foxes crouched in the grass howling mournfully for some hours afterwards.

Sixteen years later, the foxes returned. This time the 13th Viscount Gormanston, Edward Anthony John Preston, had been ill . . . but he had seemed to be recovering, *until* the foxes appeared.

His English wife had been told of the strange legend of the foxes, but she laughed at the very idea. Glancing through a window she saw the foxes approaching the house, so she told her sons, Jericho and Edward, to drive them away. But the foxes didn't go. As soon as the boys returned to the house, they crept back to the castle. All

night they huddled beneath the walls . . . and during the night of September 28, 1876, the sick lord died.

These are only two of the seemingly incredible tales. But the same thing happened in October, 1907, when the 14th Viscount died.

Jericho William Joseph Preston, 14th Viscount, was 70 years old when he was taken to a nursing home in Dublin, where he died suddenly. His body was lying in the chapel at the castle; the funeral was arranged for the next day.

Colonel Richard Preston, the Viscount's second son, kept watch by the coffin during the night, a lonely vigil. But suddenly he realized that he was *not* alone . . . Outside the chapel he could hear strange whinings and snufflings and when he opened the door, what he saw astounded him. No more than a yard away was a half-circle of foxes. All staring fixedly at the chapel.

Nobody knows why the foxes gather before the death of a Gormanston: but the family lived at the castle in County Meath for 600 years. And for centuries the legend of the "foxes of doom" has been associated with them.

Recently the mother of the present Viscount, Mrs. Pamela O'Connor said: "This is something that has happened time and time again, the family cannot simply shrug it off, because it is something more than a legend. We are convinced that the appearance of the foxes **DOES** portend death for the head of the family."

One curious fact came to light recently, just when they sold Gormanston Castle. When the family escutcheon was taken down from the hall and the dust was blown away . . . the foxes were there, too. Dozens of

small foxes had been carved around the edge of this escutcheon. None of the family knew why or when this had been done . . . as the coat-of-arms had not been taken from the wall for centuries.

RESCUED—BY A GHOST

During the war years from 1939 until 1945, Milly Jones's sister Mary moved from London to live in Milly's home near Portsmouth.

For several years, Mary occupied the largest bedroom in the house. When Mary went back to London to live, Milly and her husband started sleeping in this bedroom again, as they had only vacated it for their guest. A few months later, they heard that Mary had died.

Not long afterwards, Milly Jones was awakened from a deep sleep. It was late at night and Mrs. Jones was surprised to see somebody in the room. Quite clearly, Milly could see the figure of her sister, Mary, standing close to the bed.

Almost petrified with fear, Milly hardly dared to breathe. She wanted to waken her husband, but all she could do was to lie quite still and stare at the apparition.

Slowly, the spectre moved nearer and leaned over Milly. The lips began to move, mouthing words Milly could not hear. She knew that her sister was trying to

tell her something. Something *vitally* important! Mrs. Jones tried to read the moving lips. Then suddenly and clearly it dawned on her. Mary's ghost was warning her not to sleep in that bedroom ever again . . .

In the morning, Mrs. Jones told her husband about the vision and he laughed, suggesting that she had probably been dreaming. But Mrs. Jones knew differently. She knew that she had seen her sister's ghost. In life they had been so close to each other and she felt certain that Mary had returned to warn her of some danger.

So she took the ghost's advice and began to sleep in another room. And as her husband was working a night shift, Milly had to sleep alone. The warning from her sister's ghost was unforgettable: "Don't sleep in this room . . ."

The other bedroom was at the back of the house . . . and this undoubtedly saved Milly's life.

The large bedroom overlooked a neighboring garden, and a few nights later, there was an air raid. Milly was frightened, but she stayed in her bed listening to the drone of enemy bombers overhead and the firing of the anti-aircraft guns. Suddenly she was almost hurled from her bed by a terrific deafening explosion as bombs dropped close to the house.

She discovered later that a large bomb had fallen and exploded in her neighbor's garden. And the blast had completely wrecked her other bedroom. If she *had* been sleeping there, she would have been killed.

Now nothing will convince Mrs. Jones that Mary's ghost did not return to save her life.

HE FOUGHT IN PHAROAH'S ARMY

Few people were surprised in 1947, when Frederick Wood began casually mentioning that he had been an army general. After all, he *was* a well educated man.

He was a college professor of music, a talented composer and a mathematician. His friends and neighbors in Blackpool might have been surprised that he had kept his military career to himself for so long. But a man of his intelligence was surely capable of achieving high rank in the army, this was something they could all accept.

What *did* surprise everybody, however, was the army Professor Wood claimed to have served in. He believed there was absolute proof that he had been a famous soldier in the army of the ancient Egyptian Pharaohs.

Professor Wood became interested in occult matters by accident after reading a book on the subject one of his students had left in a lecture hall. His interest was aroused and he visited a medium who gave him glimpses into a past of his own that went back for many centuries.

Through a human medium the doctor one day found himself in touch with the psychic medium—a spirit from the other side—called "Vola." Vola spoke to him in a

strange tongue, at first quite foreign. But the professor was so determined to be able to understand what Vola was trying to communicate to him that he began to study ancient Egyptian. It was a long and arduous task, but in time he was sufficiently accomplished in the language to be able to translate the messages.

In sessions with his medium, Dr. Wood was—in trance state—carried back through time to the former age when he had lived before. And in this former life he saw himself as Rama, commander-in-chief of the Great Pharoah's armies. Once again he trod the desert sands as he had done in this former life, once again he spoke the tongue that had then been native to him, once more he led his armies into battle.

In one such trance he relived the epic battles his armies fought against the Syrians, more than 2000 years ago.

In one battle he re-lived a very vivid incident—for as one of his prizes of war he carried off a beautiful temple maiden from Karnak. And so vividly did he recall this girl's looks, her ravishing beauty that he received a quite different sort of shock some time later. Because he met her again—in *this* life. He met the reincarnation of that same temple maiden he had carried off 2,000 years ago.

When a man of such practical outlook and training as the doctor—a man who had once been as skeptical as any about occult matters thus becomes convinced . . . it must surely mean something . . .

DID MAGIC GUIDE THE ASSASSIN'S HAND

Since April, 1960, many people have wondered what madness drove David Pratt, a wealthy farmer from Magaliesberg, in the Transvaal, to make his unsuccessful bid to assassinate the South African Premier, Dr. Hendriek Verwoerd.

Pratt's reasons were never discovered, because in October, 1961, he committed suicide in a Blomfontein hospital.

There is one man, however, who believes he knows what drove David Pratt to his doors. Mick Milani believes that David Pratt was the victim of Black Magic. And he is not alone in his views, for many people in the Transvaal agree with him.

There is plenty of evidence to support Milani's opinion, because in many sections of the farm, where Pratt had been living at the time, the new owner dug up numerous articles similar to those used in black magic.

It had been Mick Milani's ambition to own Pratt's farm. He was an old friend of Pratt's, but when he did buy the farm he had nothing but bad luck. For some strange reason his valuable pedigree Aberdeen Angus cattle died, one after another. A government pathologist was consulted, but could find no solution to the mystery.

More trouble followed. His valuable pedigree sheepherd —worth many thousands of pounds—also began to die. And once more, the government expert was utterly baffled.

Milani had owned a string of horses, before moving to Pratt's farm. Animals that were quiet and trained to a pitch where they could be quite safely ridden by even the youngest members of his family. But from the moment he moved the horses to that farm, they became vicious and uncontrollable.

Milani also purchased expensive new machinery and equipment for a trout hatchery on the farm. But this equipment repeatedly broke down without any apparent reason. So instead of bringing him prosperity and happiness, his new farm only brought him misery and threatened ruin. There was *no* explanation for the strange sad chapter of misfortune that seemed to dog Milani the moment he moved to that farm.

He discussed his worries one day with friends, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Meintjies. Alex advised Milani: "I know of someone who could probably help you. He's a Cape Malay called Mannie." Milani was a bit skeptical. He failed to see what a Cape Malay could do to help, when the government experts had failed. Still, there was no harm in giving it a try.

As soon as he arrived on the farm Mannie said: "Bring me a pail of salt water, a shovel and a pick-axe." Then with the Malay carrying the bucket of salt water, and Milani trailing behind carrying the shovel and pick-axe, the pair of them made a tour of the farm buildings. Suddenly Mannie pointed to a tree that grew near a cowshed: "There he is. Get him out!" And he began to

dig. Before long he had unearthed a bottle filled with a murky fluid, a number of strangely-shaped twigs and other talismans of black magic. Mannie poured the salt water over these things. They continued their tour of the farm and more items of sorcery were found in the sheep corral.

Concealed under the plaster of one of the walls they found another bottle containing the same kind of liquid together with something that may have been monkey skin.

Could the Malay have secretly planted this evidence there himself? The answer was very definitely *no*. That wall had not been replastered for seven years . . . a long time before Pratt's murder attempt on Dr. Verwoerd. And many people assured Milani that Mannie had never been within 200 miles of the farm.

Near this same wall Mannie also found a plastic bag buried in the earth and this held the tail of a jackal.

Then the Malay indicated yet another spot. "Dig here now," he instructed. And Milani dug. This time they unearthed a matchbox filled with a black powder, which later proved to be dried human blood.

At many places on the farm, the Malay nosed out black magic symbols. And Mannie doused them with salt water, at the same time mumbling some strange ritual incantations under his breath.

One of the most sinister finds of all was discovered inside an old, thick stone wall. Practically demolishing the wall, Mannie found a paper bag in which were painted Chinese black magic symbols.

After the Malay's visit, the farm prospered and there was no more trouble. Could Pratt, the would-be assassin,

have been influenced by a curse? Possessed by an evil spirit?

One person believes that this was so. His name is Mannie the Malay.

DECLARED ALIVE—AFTER 28 YEARS

Prince Kumar Chowdhuri was born into the highest Indian caste—he was a Brahmin. The son of a Rajah in Eastern Bengal he was married to a beautiful 13-year-old Princess, Bibhabati Devi, in 1902.

Kumar was a young man who had everything to live for, but only a few years after his marriage he became seriously ill. Rushed to an expensive clinic in Darjeeling, his father spared no expense in making sure that Kumar received the best, most skilled medical attention there was available. Then just as Kumar was apparently on the point of recovery, he had a sudden relapse and died.

His body was borne in procession through the streets and at the holy cremation ground was laid on the funeral pyre. Then as the flames began to lick around the body, there was a sudden thunderstorm, and the mourners all ran for shelter.

Eight years after the funeral in 1917, the family began to hear that the Prince was still alive. It was rumored he had been seen begging for alms in a market

place. These stories about him began to multiply, until the simple Indian villagers were ready to accept the beggar of their prince's ghost.

Other people, however, claimed that the storm had put out the cremation fire. The Prince had somehow recovered and staggered off and a priest had nursed him back to health. Then, either from gratitude or because Kumar had lost his memory, he had become the priest's disciple.

Kumar's widow, however, had claimed on his insurance policies and his brothers, who had inherited his estates, all refused to believe that the beggar was the Prince Kumar.

But Kumar's sisters were impressed by the resemblance this beggar bore to their *dead* brother and visited him daily. Gradually his memory appeared to return and the sisters were convinced that this *was* their brother.

His wife, however, stated that this could not be so. She said the mourners had seen Kumar's body burned to ashes. Her story was upheld by local officials who declared that there was no proof that Prince Kumar Chowdhuri was still alive. But now the sisters examined the Prince's insurance papers, and the marks upon the beggar's body. From this they built up evidence which seemed to establish the beggar as Prince Kumar.

A legal case followed and was opposed by the widow. But those bringing the action said that as she had gained financially from his death, so her attitude was prejudiced.

The case was fought from court to court and almost 1,000 witnesses swore that the beggar was Kumar, but 370 swore that he was not. Various judgments were

given, but each time one side or the other appealed and the case was at last brought to the Privy Council in London.

There were many hearings, before the judges decided that he was the prince, who had been saved from cremation by the storm. They also found that after his rescue by the priest, Kumar's mourners had returned to the pyre to find the body gone. Fearful of being accused of negligence they had bought another corpse, laid it on the pyre and set fire to it.

It had taken Prince Kumar until 1945 before he was presumed alive again. But although the Prince was now in a position to take up his inheritance again, many people were prepared to bitterly oppose him.

"Who was the other corpse that the English judges said had been borrowed?" his opponents asked. "Why was the other corpse not missed by anybody? Why did the priest remain silent for so many years? Why had the insurance company been so ready for the prince's insurance papers to be examined by his family. Why, indeed, had the insurance company *kept* these papers for so long after the recorded death?" According to his opponents, there was a whole host of questions that would have to be answered when Kumar returned to India.

But he never did return, because within a week of the Privy Council's verdict, the man who was—or was not—Prince Kumar Chowdhuri, died.

THE STATUETTE WITH THE TOUCH OF DEATH

How could a small, green statuette of a woman, only about 12 inches high, exert an evil influence resulting in the deaths of at least 20 people? But this is the background to such a statuette, which is now in the vaults of a Marseilles bank.

The most recent part of the story started in 1946, when Monsieur Leclerc, a collector of curios, was approached by a shopkeeper of a town near his estate.

"I have a Chinese statuette you may like to add to your collection," the shopkeeper told him. "A soldier asked me to sell it for him . . ."

Leclerc was pleased to buy it for about £20, and later an archaeologist told him that it had been a bargain. It was probably almost a thousand years old.

When he examined the delicate carving of the flowing robe and hat of the figure, the archeologist said it was probably a goddess. But, he didn't know which one.

However, it wasn't long before Leclerc realized that the figure was affecting him most oddly. When speaking about it, he habitually used the term "she" as though it was a *living* creature. He also found it difficult to refrain from touching the figurine.

His attitude became so noticeable that his wife be-

gan to feel quite jealous of his affection for the statuette. She asked the shopkeeper who had sold it to her husband, if he knew anything about the soldier who had previously owned it. But, strangely, that soldier was never seen again.

Gradually the figurine seemed to exert more and more influence. And the Leclercs began having long, bitter and meaningless quarrels. Then their archeologist friend died of an illness which his doctor could not diagnose. And Madame Leclerc claimed that the statuette had caused his death. Her husband accused her of being stupid, and asked, if it had killed their friend why had it not affected them.

A few hours later, Leclerc, who had always been a robust man developed a fever. At length, when he had to take to his bed, his wife called a doctor. But when the physician found himself baffled, she called in a spiritualist.

As soon as the medium saw the statuette, he pronounced that evil emanations were coming from it. And declared that it had undoubtedly caused her husband's illness, and their friend's death. Further, unless the figure was smashed to pieces, the medium believed it would cause more harm.

Madame Leclerc couldn't think of a way to carry out the destruction, as her husband kept asking for the statuette. But she managed to keep it away from him, by saying that she couldn't bear to touch it.

Somehow, the statuette's stories reached the newspapers and a horde of journalists called at the Leclerc home. One of them had a small advertisement which had appeared in his own paper soon after the war.

The advertisement said: "A reward will be paid to anyone returning or giving information leading to the return of a 13th century Chinese statuette, greenish in color and approximately 30 centimetres in height. "It is a rare object of art, known as 'The Goddess of the Seven Joys.' Anyone finding this, is warned not to handle it except while wearing gloves!"

It was soon proved that Leclerc's figurine and the statuette advertised for were one and the same. Before the war, it had been in a curio collection of a Frenchman named Gravelet, who was an authority on Oriental art. Gravelet knew that the statuette was reputed as being evil and having caused hundreds of deaths.

And he formed the theory that it had been made by one of the Chinese Secret Societies. After buying it in Pekin in 1905, Gravelet heard that the dealer died mysteriously. As Gravelet had posted it home to his son in Paris, he sent an urgent cable to his son, warning about the idol's reputation. But the cable was much too late. Gravelet's son died, too.

After that, he had vowed that never again would it take a human life. But when the Nazis marched into Paris Gravelet fled and left the figure behind. When he returned after the war, his collection had been rifled and the figure was gone. Fearing that it might be circulating among innocent Frenchmen, Gravelet placed the advertisement in the newspaper. But as the months passed, anxiety preyed more and more on his mind, so that he became ill and died.

After learning of Gravelet's fruitless search for the demon goddess, Madame Leclerc smashed the statuette,

and probably saved her husband's life . . . for he began to show signs of recovery only after the Goddess of the Seven Joys was destroyed.

A JOURNEY INTO OBLIVION

Maria Cozzolino is a woman who had one glimpse of Hell and since 1951 her eyes have been filled with an expression of terrible sorrow. But it is a sorrow Maria cannot remember—she has been in a mental home for the past 16 years.

It started in February, 1944, in her home in Bologna, when Maria had a dream in which she saw her only son, sitting in a crowded railway compartment. But there was a strangeness about the people she saw, because they all appeared to be fast asleep.

Perhaps Maria would have forgotten about her dream, except for a letter that reached her several days later. It was from her son, Gino, to say that he was coming home from Naples. Because Naples had only been occupied by the Allied Army seven months earlier, there were few passenger trains running. So Gino warned his parents that it might be weeks or even months before they saw him.

The weeks and months went past. Gino didn't come home and Maria lived with her dream. She was con-

vinced that it had some connection with Gino's non-arrival.

Seven years passed before Maria—now a widow—heard any news from her son. And it was news of a disaster—Gino had died with 520 other people in the greatest train wreck the world has ever known. And because of wartime security, the story was hushed up until March 17, 1951.

The train, which had left Naples on March 7, 1944, was made up of two locomotives. One of which was a four-coupled axle type, (to help pull the train over the steep inclines), 47 cars, six of which were unlocked and jammed with men, women, and children who were crowded in like cattle huddled together for warmth. The military authorities were aware that people were using their trains, but because of the lack of regular passenger services, they turned a blind eye.

After leaving Balvano station, the train entered a long tunnel. And none of the hundreds of passengers survived the trip through the tunnel . . .

Experts examining the two locomotives after the disaster, found that, like most train equipment in use at that time, the engines weren't in perfect condition. The extra weight of the passengers might have been allowable if the fuel had not been of such poor quality. Railway officials had complained about the poor quality coal, saying that engineers and stokers were often almost overcome by the fumes.

The rails inside the tunnel were slippery and, about two-thirds of the way through, the gradient increased sharply. Suddenly the wheels slipped and both engine crews pushed their levers at full pressure, releasing bil-

lowing clouds of smoke. Smoke that—because it came from poor quality coal—had a much higher percentage of carbon monoxide than usual. This cloud moved back into the tunnel, spreading into the cars where the passengers were sleeping. There was no hope. They didn't have time to struggle, they simple slept on into eternity.

Hours later a signalman raised the alarm. Although all bodies were immediately recovered, complete censorship was placed on the disaster and the victims were given a mass, secret burial.

In March, 1951, Maria received a letter from the head of Italian railways, informing her that her son had been killed seven years earlier.

Waiting for Gino to come had been one thing. She had always had the hope that he *would* turn up—one day. But realizing that she had dreamed of his death was another. She had lived with the dream for seven years without knowing that it was really a nightmare.

And Maria Cozzolino lost her mind.

THE GRAY MAN OF BEN MACDHUI

Knowing full well that he was alone on the summit of Ben Macdhui, Professor Collie ignored the sound he *thought* he heard.

An experienced mountaineer, he was used to the

strange noises winds can make on lonely mountain ranges. But that day in 1933, as he stood on that peak in the Cairngorm mountain range in Scotland, the professor heard the noise again.

It sounded exactly like somebody walking towards him across the snow. The Professor looked around—there was nobody there. There wasn't even a single footprint apart from his own. Then, nervously, he slung his rucksack over his shoulder and started back down the mountainside. This was when the panic began to grow.

Because, steadily and stealthily, quite audibly he heard those heavy footsteps crunching after him through the hardpacked snow. There was still nobody in sight, but the footsteps kept following him—one heavy, deliberate crunch to every three or four paces he took.

Realizing that this suggested exceedingly long paces, like those of a giant, Professor Collie looked about him. But there was nothing there, except a vague gray shadow. Something that could have been a patch of mist.

Then Collie panicked and fled as fast as he could, slipping and sliding down the mountainside, until he reached Rothiemucus Forest, 3,000 feet below.

Quite unashamedly, he told his story to many people. "What you make of it, I do not know," he said. "But there is something very strange on top of Ben Macdhui. I certainly won't ever go back there."

For centuries there has been a Gaelic legend that Ferlas Mor, the "Long Gray Man," haunts the desolate peak 4,300 feet high in the Cairngorms. But in the last 35 years, the tale has begun to take on the appearance of fact.

Shortly before the second world war another experi-

enced climber, named Densham, was resting alone at the peak. Then suddenly a mist came down, and Densham heard a weird sound. He, too, heard the slow, stealthy crunching of giant footsteps walking towards him across the snow.

At that time Densham hadn't heard of Professor Collie's experience, but his reaction was identical. Densham took to his heels and almost came to grief. Densham ran blindly through the thick mist. So terrified that he realized, only in the nick of time, that he was making for the Lurcher's Crag—a precipice several hundred feet high. But as he tried to avoid the crag, he found it extremely hard to do so. It was as if something —some invisible force—was trying to push him over the precipice.

Twisting himself around and digging his heels into the snow Densham exerted all his strength, and he managed to avoid the crag. Then like Professor Collie he didn't stop running until he was thousands of feet lower down the mountain.

Like Professor Collie, Densham too had no hesitation about telling his story. And although he could not offer any rational explanation, he was completely convinced that there was "*something* up there on Ben Macdhui."

During the war, Densham returned to scale Ben Macdhui again. This time he took a friend with him. On reaching the summit, Densham noticed something odd. His colleague was apparently having a long conversation with himself. Watching his friend for a few moments, Densham decided that he was talking to some-

one on the other side of the cairn. So he went around there to investigate.

He found himself confronted by a shimmering, slender, misty outline in near human shape, but it was many feet taller than an average man. As he stood gazing at it, Densham was surprised to hear *his own* voice speaking to the invisible "nobody."

Afterwards he compared notes with his companion. Although both men were certain that they had carried on an intelligent conversation with some unknown being, neither could remember what they had been discussing.

There have been a great many reports of some spectral influence on top of Ben Macdhui and, significantly, they have all come from calm, experienced mountaineers who are not given to flights of fancy.

One told of the indefinable presence which terrified his dog so much that it ran off yelping hysterically. Another described a high-pitched singing, of an especially piercing quality, although no other person was at the peak at the time. This man also saw the vague outline of a "gray, shadowy giant."

On a June evening the famous mountaineer, Dr. Kellas, was making an ascent of Ben Macdhui with his brother, when he was surprised to see another figure walk up from a wide ravine and approach his brother.

The figure appeared to be about ten feet tall and, quite naturally, Kellas became anxious for his brother's safety. Hurrying around to the other side of the ravine, he saw that his brother was alone.

When he asked him about the tall figure, his brother did not understand—he had seen nothing.

Another well-known mountaineer, Sir Hugh Rankin,

claimed to have actually conversed with the Gray Man, when Rankin said he was very like Gandhi in appearance, only much taller. Accompanying this presence Rankin heard a peculiar, buzzing type of music, which he described as the music of the Buddhist Heavenly Host.

According to Sir Hugh Rankin, the Gray Man was—or is—one of a group of a Buddhist Bodhisatva, who control the destinies of the world from the highest mountains in the areas they inhabit.

Is there really a giant ghost haunting the peak of Ben Macdhui? Or is the whole thing nonsense, as so many people say . . .

Only a few years ago a group of gamekeepers, forestry workers and game-stalkers, whose work takes them frequently on or about the mountain, were asked by psychic research workers what they thought about the legend of the "Gray Man." For several minutes they returned to comment, several of them looked quite embarrassed. Then a game keeper said: "We do not talk about it. We are not looking for trouble."

Had these men also seen the ghostly presence on the mountainside? If so, have they been so frightened by the "Gray Man of Ben Macdhui" that they dared not discuss "him"—in case they incur his wrath?

THE MEN WHO BECAME DOGS

Berkshire was one of England's rural backwaters about a century ago. An isolated county, where villages and farmhouses were few and far between. It was hardly the place to be lost in late at night at any time of the year. So when two medical students, Michael Rendell and George French, got trapped in a blizzard there in December, 1871, they thought themselves fortunate to see the lights of a cottage gleaming in the distance.

Leading their exhausted horses, they went up the narrow lane towards the cottage. And after hammering on the door it was finally opened by the ugliest old woman they had ever seen: tall, thin and round shouldered, the only redeeming features in a sunken, wrinkled face were her eyes. Vividly blue, they seemed to shine with a strange light. On being told of their plight, she simply cackled with laughter, agreed to let them shelter there for the night.

However, it wasn't until they returned from tethering their horses in the shelter of a nearby copse, that they saw the jackdaw—and the two dogs.

As they stooped to enter the old-fashioned one room cottage, the jackdaw flew around the room screeching angrily at them. It only settled on the crone's shoulder

when she spoke to it in some strange sounding language.

The two mastiff-like dogs, however, didn't move. They were lying in front of the fire, so still that they might have been dead.

On the fire they saw a huge, black cauldron from which came a very appetizing aroma. Silently she ladled out some broth from the cauldron into two tin plates and passed them to the travelers.

But in spite of the feeling of well-being the hot broth inspired, both men sensed a growing feeling of apprehension.

Muttering incessantly to herself, their hostess watched them sup the broth. When this was finished she produced a cobweb covered wine bottle and poured out an aromatic delicious wine for her two guests.

Neither student was too clear about what happened after that. They both remembered feeling suddenly drowsy, which they assumed was caused by the heat and the wine. They both remembered slumping wearily onto a pile of blankets in a corner near the fireplace. And Michael Rendell's last memory was of the old woman chanting. She appeared to be crouching over her cauldron, stirring something into the broth . . . and singing to herself in an eerily high-pitched, unintelligible voice.

George French was the first to waken. He yawned, stretched himself and started to scratch his nose. That was when he first realized something had happened. And he was horrified to see that he no longer had a five-fingered hand, but a hairy paw. His nose, too, had changed. It stuck out in front of his eyes for several inches . . . and it was covered with hair, too. Discovering that he was lying in front of the fire he looked

around for his friend. But Michael wasn't there. Lying beside him on the floor was one of the dogs. At that instant the dog turned to look at him . . . and George whined in terror. For he recognized the other dog. It was Michael Rendell.

In the same instant both young men realized what had happened. The old woman was a witch—she had turned them into *dogs*.

The old woman was still crouching over her cauldron, chanting to herself. Beyond her the cottage door was ajar—so Rendell and French rushed forward on all four paws—and escaped into the night.

Gabriel Monk, a local parson, was hurrying down the lane past the cottage, when two dark shapes leapt out at him from the shadows. Thinking he was about to be attacked by two dogs, he swung around the raised his stick above his head to strike them. As he did so, his crucifix dangled in the moonlight from beneath his muffler. Then to his astonishment, he found himself looking at two wide-eyed young men who appeared to be seized by some over-powering horror. Soothing them both, the parson led them to his house, where he listened to their story. At first, he was inclined to believe they had experienced some awful nightmare.

In the morning, he walked back to the cottage with the students, to recover their horses. And that was when they saw the prints in the snow. Leading from the cottage were the clearly marked paw-marks of two large dogs. Then quite abruptly, they disappeared—to be replaced by the footprints of the two young men.

That was when the Reverend Monk told them about the cottage's last tenant. A notorious witch, who had

possessed the power to transform people into animals. However, the parish records showed that she had been tried and burned at the stake—exactly four hundred years earlier.

DREAM UP A MAN—THEN MARRY HIM

Ilse Horst was walking by herself through an acacia grove, somewhere near the sea. It was a perfect evening, warm—yet with a cool breeze blowing through her hair—she could hear the sea lapping gently on the shore.

Then she saw him striding towards her—a tall, dark handsome young man. A few moments later and they were walking together along the beach. They were laughing and chatting like old friends, like lovers.

But all too soon they had to part. Whispering her name, he bent forward to kiss her . . . Then Ilse woke up, it had been a dream. Not even a very special dream, simply the sort of dream most young girls experience.

And like most girls, Ilse's life was ordinary and humdrum, she worked as a typist in Vienna in 1938. Though her auburn hair and good looks attracted many admirers Ilse wanted to wait for the *right* man. But this *one* dream remained vividly in her mind. Everything about it seemed so real . . . and the man seemed so right.

That morning, as she traveled to work, she could still recall the sweet smelling blossoms, still feel the breeze in her hair. And, yes, she could remember the young man so clearly. Even his voice as he had whispered: "Auf widersehen, Ilse . . . we will meet again tomorrow."

Tomorrow? That was *today*, she realized suddenly. Then felt foolish, what was she thinking about? After all, it *was* only a dream. But no matter how she tried, she couldn't put the man out of her mind. She could hardly do her work that day for thinking about him. She seemed to know so much about him: the way he walked, his every gesture, his quick, confident smile and the tenderness in his eyes.

As the day wore on, Ilse became more excited and more convinced that her dream man really existed. That somewhere in this world he was waiting for her—and that one day soon they would meet. Several times her boss had to severely reprimand her for her carelessness . . . something most unusual for the efficient Ilse Horst.

That evening came and she hurried home . . . eager to go to bed . . . so that she might dream that wonderful dream again. But, once in bed, the sleep she sought evaded her. And she lay there for several hours, wide awake—wondering if she was being silly about something that was nothing but a dream.

Finally, after tossing restlessly, she dressed again, angry with herself for imagining there could have been any special significance in a mere dream. Then deciding she needed some fresh air to blow all the nonsense from her head, she left her room.

It was a fine night, with a big full moon and crowds

of people were thronging the Prater, Vienna's center for gaiety and pleasure. It was still quite early in the evening, so she went into a cafe for a drink and a sandwich.

That was when it happened. Sitting alone at a nearby table was the young man she had seen in her dream! He was sipping a glass of wine; suddenly he glanced up and saw Ilse. For a long moment they stared at each other. Then he came across to her table.

Soon they were talking together quite freely, as if they had known each other for a very long time. Ilse told him about her dream and, excitedly—she told him that in her dream he was dressed exactly as he was then.

He was amazed by it all. Then he said: "Last night I was walking through an avenue of acacias, and it was by the sea, near my home—but I was *alone*."

He went on to say that he'd been restless the previous night, and hadn't been able to sleep. Though he had been on holiday, he'd had a sudden compulsion to fly back to Vienna. Looking at Ilse, he hesitated, then said: "I didn't know why . . . until now."

Ilse married her dream man a few months later. Neither has tried very hard to explain that prophetic dream. But on their honeymoon, they did stroll hand-in-hand along an avenue of acacias . . . and Ilse could hear the sea lapping on the shore.

WAS MOSES A MARTIAN?

George King almost dropped his coffee pot in alarm, as the sepulchral voice boomed into his ear: "Prepare yourself! You have been chosen to become the Voice of the Interplanetary Parliament." Looking about him, he saw that he was quite alone. There was nobody else in the small one room flat. But he had no doubts at all about what he heard, even though the voice spoke only once.

While the 35-year-old bachelor might have been surprised by his mysterious message, he wasn't unprepared. Because that moment he started his strange mission as the first "interplanetary diplomat." His strange career started one Saturday morning in 1954, when King had been working as a commissionaire in a London office block. And immediately he resigned from his more mundane occupation to devote his life to a new cause.

George King had been a keen student of occult matters for many years, and eight days after hearing the voice, he received a visitor who, according to King, walked calmly through the locked door of his flat. This visitor, a Great Master of Yoga, from India, gave King secret information to enable him to make contact with a creature from the planet Venus. Having delivered his

instructions the Yogi left the way he had come—via the locked door.

Since then King says that he has traveled to Venus by flying saucer no less than three times. In addition to this, he makes regular trips to the Moon, Mars, Saturn and Jupiter. The trip between Earth and Venus takes about two and a half seconds!

King is required to commute about space regularly, because he has been appointed Earth's Ambassador Extraordinary to the Galaxy. He is also Celestial Emissary-in-Chief to Terra, (that's Earth) and Terrestrial Mental Channel Number One.

Mars is a very pleasant place, with beautiful vegetation and exotic flowers as big as a seven-story building, claims King. And Martians are no strangers to this planet, as one Martian visited him when he was traveling to a prayer meeting in 1957. This Martian, who came through a window in the form of a blue bubble and then materialized, was a man of normal stature, with luminous golden skin, long dark hair, deep blue eyes and small feet.

Venusians, however, are king-size creatures of between six to seven feet tall, with no pupils to their eyes, white hair, small feet and they live on solar energy.

King is now known to his band of followers as the Rev. Dr. George King and his movement is the largest Metaphysical Society of its kind, in this world.

He takes his space ambassadorial duties very seriously, and has "written off" world leaders for their indiscriminate use of nuclear weapons.

The people of space have been watching *us* for many centuries, he says, and when they find us carelessly

using H-bombs and probing into space they are concerned about the damage we might do to the Universe.

These extra-terrestrial creatures are, technologically, many millions of years in advance of us. Our H-bombs are small fry compared to their weapons which are stock-piled for use only in times of dire emergency.

Not *all* space creatures are friendly towards Earth. In fact, he claims, some 13 years ago, the evil Fishmen from a planet called Garouch planned to invade Earth from billions of miles away in space. They sent an invasion asteroid as big as England, and it was thanks to our Martian friends that Earth was saved. They intercepted the asteroid and destroyed it with a bomb 10,000 times more powerful than the most powerful bomb on this planet.

How does King know about this? As Earth's Representative, George King claims that he was there when it happened.

King also says that Earth has been invaded from outer space, before. It was colonized by the criminal section of the solar system and our fore-fathers were in fact sent here as space-criminals.

It was in August, 1956, that King and two of his disciples founded the Aetherius Society to propagate the teachings of the Cosmic Masters.

King states that at 1,550 miles above the Earth, giant space craft are in orbit and here the powerful Martian Intelligence known as Mars Sector Six has its headquarters and radiates spiritual energy down on Earth. This energy is picked up by members of the Aetherius Society on one or another of the 19 "holy" mountains. And this energy flows out from them to benefit all man-

kind. Ben Hope in Scotland, Castle Peak in Colorado and Mount Kilimanjaro in Africa are three of these holy mountains. King claims to "charge" these holy mountains himself by sitting on top of them in a Yoga pose, while the Martians use him as a "battery . . ."

In July, 1958, he was told to go to one of the mountains and pray for the world. He practiced some Yoga exercises and it was on this occasion, he claims, that he found himself in the presence of the Master Jesus, who dictated to him the first chapter of his *new* "Bible." King has since tape-recorded the complete text of this. It plays for five hours and costs £7. 10.

The Rev. Dr. King claims that Jesus and Moses are both Martians and the star of Bethlehem was a flying saucer.

(Editor's Note: the theories expressed above are those of the Rev. Dr. King and in no way reflect the thinking or opinions of the publisher and the author.)

THE MYSTERY IN THE BLACK MUSEUM

Outside it was certainly the weather for ghosts: a dark night, with a thick blanket of fog swirled along the Embankment, half hiding the forbidding towers of New Scotland Yard.

While inside everything was quiet . . . especially in

the room known as the Black Museum. One policeman was on duty there, surrounded by souvenirs of some of the most gruesome murders ever recorded.

But when the door of the Black Museum swung silently open and the constable looked around, he stared in terror as a hooded figure drifted in. Then before the policeman could move the cowled head swung slowly towards him. And he saw that it had no face. An instant later and it vanished into thin air . . .

When the constable told his superiors about this, they just laughed and said it was probably a hallucination. Or perhaps a stray wisp of fog had drifted into the building.

There were some people at Scotland Yard, however, who did *not* laugh. Because they could remember quite vividly one especially grisly mystery—that of the headless, limbless corpse that had been found on the site of the Black Museum.

Before the police headquarters recently moved to Victoria Street, Scotland Yard was situated near Westminster Bridge; on land that had been reclaimed from the river Thames. The site was originally intended for the Grand Opera National House and in 1875 the foundation stone for this building was laid. But the necessary money did not come in for this scheme and shortly after 1880 it was abandoned. Some building had already been done. A labyrinth of vaults, archways and brick passages which were originally to have become dressing rooms. When the scheme for the Opera House was abandoned, the police authorities bought the site to use for their headquarters.

It was in October, 1888, that a carpenter, Fred Wil-

boe, working in the vaults on the construction of the new Yard made a terrifying discovery. Wilboe went to this vault to collect his tools, which he had left there the previous day and noticed an old coat lying in a corner near his tools.

The next morning, that old coat was still there, and at lunch time he pointed it out to his foreman, Joe Brown, who thought it was a bundle wrapped in an old coat. One of the laborers was told to unwrap it.

As George Budgeon, the laborer, started to unravel the bundle, he muttered to his friends: "Looks like an old side of beef somebody's chucked out . . ." The next moment he gave a horrified yell—because inside the bundle was a headless, limbless, human torso. The foreman dashed to the nearest police station and blurted out the whole story.

The "remains" were examined by Dr. Thomas Bond and Dr. Charles Alfred Hibbert, who reported that it had belonged to a healthy, well-built woman of about 24 years old, who had been fair-skinned and dark haired. Her head, legs, arms and pelvis had all been neatly cut off. Despite the mangled condition of the body the doctors estimated that she had been about five-foot-eight-inches tall. But although the doctors were able to discover that she had once had pleurisy very badly, they were unable to state how she had died.

Then Dr. Bond remembered the "Pimlico Mystery" on September 11, that same year, when an arm had been found on the Thames foreshore. The doctor asked to see that arm and established that it had come from the torso. It was a left arm and the doctors were able

to prove the dead woman had never worn a wedding ring.

Intense investigations were started by the police, to try to establish the dead woman's identity. The next clue was found by Jasper Waring, a journalist. On October 17, he inspected the Yard site with his terrier. In the vault, where the remains had first been found, the dog started to sniff excitedly in another spot. And when earth, stone and bricks were removed, a left foot and part of a thigh were found. These, too, it was proved, came from the dead woman. However, though the police worked on the case for several months they never discovered the murdered woman's identity. Finally the case was closed.

But Scotland Yard is never likely to forget the murder on its own premises—nor to ignore the stories about the faceless ghost in the Black Musuem.

HIS DREAM PREVENTED A NIGHTMARE

As a schoolmaster in Houghton, an attractive little riverside village in Huntingdonshire, John Bradley was in his element. He was also an enthusiastic naturalist, an interest which many of his pupils shared.

It was regular practice for John to take the class out on nature rambles about the village. It seemed a pleas-

antly practical way of teaching them. But it was a habit that was to lead John Bradley and his class into extreme danger.

One night in 1949, John had a nightmare. A dream that was so vividly real, that he woke up suddenly in a cold sweat of fear. Every stark detail of the nightmare still clear in his mind.

In the dream he had taken his class out into the country lane which ran beside the playground. And, as he had done on so many occasions, he told the two children at the head of the double-file to lead the way through the churchyard and along the path to the river. It was a short-cut to the river which they invariably took. But, in his dream, as he fell back to shepherd the stragglers through the churchyard gateway the horror began:

Loudly and distinctly, he heard an ominous ripping, cracking sound and seconds later came a deafening roar, followed by terrified shrieks from the children ahead.

As John ran to them, he saw that a huge elm tree had fallen across the path, crushing tombstones . . . and he knew that there were four children missing. In his nightmare—just before he awoke, he saw small arms and legs, sticking out from beneath that great tree trunk.

There was little sleep left that night and in the morning, the nightmare was still vivid in his mind. During the day, pressure of work at school did help him to forget his dream, or *almost*, anyway . . .

Then during the morning break, he asked some of his colleagues: "Do any of you believe in dreams? I mean, do you think that dreams can warn about possible

future dangers?" Then he told them about his nightmare and because of that he cancelled the usual nature walk for his class.

Opinions were divided among the staff. Most of the teachers scoffed at the idea of a dream being anything more than just a dream. "You probably ate something that didn't agree with you," said one member of the staff. "Or maybe it was just a subconscious urge in your mind to murder the little blighters."

A week later and the memory of that nightmare faded, and nature walks were resumed. But John now insisted that they walk the long way around, avoiding the path through the churchyard. He insisted on that, even though he had been assured by the rector that all the trees, elm and yew were absolutely sound.

Then on a beautiful Spring morning, he took the class out for their walk. There had been a thunder storm during the night, but by morning the weather had cleared. The class approached the river and stopped for instructions near the old mill. From there they had to cross a wooden bridge or alternatively they could walk along the footpath beside the river. However, that morning, not knowing what prompted him to decide, John told the children to cross the bridge. A second later, from the safety of the far bank they saw a huge elm tree crash across the footpath they had not followed.

In that moment Joun remembered his nightmare and felt a sudden shock sweep through him. He knew that if he had allowed the children to proceed along their usual route, some of them would have quite certainly been killed. One boy in the class naively underlined his

shock by saying, "Good job we weren't walking on that side, today, sir, wasn't it?"

To this day John doesn't wonder what compelled him to change the route that day: he was *convinced* that his dream was a premature warning. The events may not have taken place exactly as in his dream. The tree had not fallen in the churchyard, but by the river. Nevertheless, the events as they happened, were so close to those in his dream, that he was thoroughly convinced that his nightmare had been a warning that something beyond the comprehension of the human mind had saved the children from a terrible tragedy.

THE GLASS WALKING STICK

For many years it had lain in a dark corner of the attic. Covered with dust and cobwebs, ignored and forgotten. To the Darby family of Southwell, Nottinghamshire, the walking stick was nothing more than another piece of junk. Who would want to be seen with a thing like that?

It was 1937 and the fashion in canes was for the slim, black wooden type with a silver knob. But this particular one was made of ornate, twisted glass. It was thick and strong and woven through the twists of glass were many brilliant colors. It was certainly a most un-

usual looking stick, but when one of the children brought it from the attic most of the family had forgotten all about it . . .

For a while, it became a talking point. Who had put it in the attic? Where had it come from? Grandma, who was in her 80's said that she could remember it, vaguely. She had a notion that it had belonged to one of her uncles who had been a merchant seaman. But she couldn't remember anybody ever using it as a walking stick.

Once, she recalled it had been in a shop window display in the town, during a carnival week. Her son, John Darby, was quite fascinated by the unusual stick and he was determined to find out more about it, so he went along to see the shopkeeper who had displayed it in his window. This old man recalled the incident, but he was strangely reluctant to discuss the matter. But finally he told John Darby that the stick had belonged to his great uncle, Ephraim, who had been out to the Far East, but he never told anybody exactly where he obtained the stick.

"*Your* great-uncle warned me that there were odd stories connected with the stick," explained the shopkeeper. "The Indian who sold it to Ephraim, claimed that seven people had died after possessing it." Then, claimed the shopkeeper, from the moment the stick arrived in the shop, peculiar things happened. One of his assistants was fascinated with the glass stick and liked to swing it in his hands and watch the way the colors blended together. "One week later, that young man was knocked down and killed by a car, right outside the window where the stick was on display."

John Darby was not impressed by this story. Perhaps because he felt a strange compulsion to keep the stick, he didn't *want* to believe anything bad about it. But some days later, one of his uncles told him more about the glass walking stick's history. Apparently, Ephraim Darby had once told their uncle a curious tale—the object was credited with black magical powers, and though Ephraim Darby didn't believe in that sort of thing he was never known to use the stick. At least, not for many years. Then one day there was a fancy dress ball in the town and Ephraim thought the stick would be the thing to go with his costume. So he used it. And, although he was a healthy man, in the prime of his life, he died suddenly a few days later. After that the walking stick was hidden in the attic.

After hearing that John Darby decided to return the glass cane to the attic, but when he looked for it, it had gone. Then his mother said Grandpa Darby and his twin brother had agreed to walk down the high street with the stick for a bet. John said nothing to anyone, but he felt afraid . . . and wished he had never seen the stick. He knew that his grandfather and his great-uncle were both remarkably fit and healthy, and though they were in their 80's they were so active they could live for another 20 years.

To John's great relief both old men returned as active and hearty as ever, but he made sure that the walking stick went back to the attic. Grandpa laughed at the very idea of a cursed cane. But a week later the old man became suddenly ill—and died. Within 24 hours his twin brother was dead, too.

However, before the grandfather died, he asked to

see his grandson, John, and he made John promise something—a promise which only convinced John Darby even more about the glass walking stick's strange powers . . .

Grandfather Darby insisted that the stick be *buried* with him—in his coffin. And it was.

LITTLE GIRL LOST—FOREVER

Miles away from anywhere, the two Australian stockmen, Frank Chivers and Harry Launder, had been working hard rounding up the cattle in the Outback. They were glad when the job was over and they were able to make the long trek on horseback across the desert to the coast. However, after a particularly long day's ride they realized they would have to spend another night camping out. So when they saw the tumble-down cabin stuck beside a water hole, they thought their luck was in. Even though it was abandoned at least they would have a roof over their heads.

They did wonder *why* it was lying neglected, because water was a valuable commodity in that part of the country, and there was lots of it there—so why had nobody re-built the cabin? Both Chivers and Launder were to discover the answer to that question before morning.

They fed and watered their horses, tethered them so

that they could not stray, then built a fire and cooked a welcome meal. After the meal, they settled down inside the hut for the night.

It was a shabby little cabin, with the window smashed and only half a door hanging on one hinge, but it made a welcome change from roughing it out in the open.

They fell asleep quickly, but it was not long before something brought them jumping to their feet. They exchanged glances. "Did you hear what I did?" asked Launder.

"Sounded to me like a kid crying or something," said Chivers.

Both of them hurried outside, but there was nothing there . . . except the darkness. They listened for a few more minutes, then went back into the cabin, but they had not time to go back to sleep before they heard a child sobbing. Looking around at the door, they saw a small girl. Her clothes were dripping wet, and sobbing as if her heart was breaking. Chivers called the child to come to the hut, and Launder asked if she was lost. But in that instant the figure vanished from the doorway.

Scrambling to their feet Chivers and Launder dashed outside, and Chivers muttered: "Poor kid, she must be scared stiff, being lost out here." But she was nowhere to be seen. Almost frantic now with worry and concern, the men searched all around the place for her, but without success . . . Then Launder suggested: "I don't like the idea of a kid that young being lost out here. Maybe we'd best ride into the nearest town to organize a search party."

So they rode hard through the night until they got

to the nearest town to report to the police. But their report didn't spark off the activity they had expected. The police sergeant looked at them wryly: "There's no kid out there, boys, that was a ghost!"

The policemen had obviously told the story quite a few times. That about 40 years earlier a settler and his family had lived in the old cabin. But they'd been unable to make a go of the place so they traveled to the coast to take a ship back to Sydney.

It wasn't until they were on board the ship, with all their belongings, that they realized one of their ten children was missing, a little girl. Apparently she must have strayed away on the journey.

Because of high seas, however, it was two days before the captain was able to put the ship back. Half-crazy with worry, the settler and his wife tried to find their missing daughter, but it was too late. They couldn't find any sign of her.

But over the years her ghost has often been seen haunting the old shack that was once her home, as she looks for those she can never find. She is probably the unhappiest ghost in *any* world . . .

VOODOO DANCERS DRIVE AWAY THE DEAD

Papua, in New Guinea, is a wild country even today, but when Andre Dupeyrat went there as a missionary in 1936, it was one of the most isolated countries in the world.

His "parish" was probably the most inaccessible part of Papua, so cut off from civilization that he was the first European many of the tribesmen had seen. Dupeyrat, in his turn, was to see some spectacles that no white man before him had seen—Dupeyrat was to see the fascinating Papuan voodoo ceremonies.

As he hacked his lonely way through the jungles from the coast, he was surprised to find that many of the villages in his parish were deserted. The first village he came to appeared to have been left at a moment's notice. Cooking fires were still smoking, tools had been dropped in the pathways and a canoe complete with paddles was just floating off down the river. Empty . . .

It was obvious to Dupeyrat that he had only missed seeing the natives by a matter of moments. He wondered where they had gone—and *why*.

Later that afternoon, after passing through several villages as mysteriously and abruptly deserted as the first, he noticed that the jungle had suddenly turned very still. Then as he paused to listen, he heard the first sign of human life. Dupeyrat heard the faint throbbing of a great many drums. The sounds were coming from further up the river, some miles ahead of him. It wasn't difficult to track them down.

Eventually he found himself walking along a well-trodden path, which had only recently been made through the thick bush. After a long, tiring walk Dupeyrat found himself watching something no white man had ever seen: a mass voodoo ceremony in a jungle clearing.

The villagers he had been looking for were all there. They had been summoned by the voodoo priests to the Gabé—the Great Dance.

This is a festival which is only held about *once* in a generation. A festival steeped in ancient black magic and voodoo custom—a ceremony whose purpose is to drive out the dead. Sometimes the Gabé takes many years to prepare. When the time comes for the Great Dance, Fuyughe dancers, with bodies gleaming like bronze statues, dance continuously and wildly for days on end, then stand watching an altar on which the bones of those of the dead are stacked.

This is the tribe's final farewell and tribute to their dead before casting their spirits into oblivion.

The dancer-chief wears a magnificent headdress of bird-of-paradise plumes and a deep atmosphere of mourning soon settles around the crowds.

Part of the mystic rites are performed by natives steeped in belief in the black arts and to whom their role is all part and parcel of the voodoo. They advance upon their dead, then savagely and frenziedly smash up bones with clubs and axes. This ritual made Dupeyrat physically sick, as he watched from hiding. Skulls with gaping jaws and eye-sockets were bouncing and rolling about the clearing.

The natives set up an eerie keening, as moonlight lit up the macabre scene, all the bones were scooped up and hurled into a communal grave, on top of heaps of bones from previous festivals.

Some years later, the natives told Andre what it all meant. They were driving out their dead and this could not be done without the voodoo.

Until this festival, the bones are kept in the village "with honor," otherwise the spirits would persecute them. But having done honor to the dead, danced the Great

Dance—the end comes. The dead are finally driven out.

During this voodoo the dancers trample the bones scattered about the clearing. Drums throb, natives chant and all around burning torches are whirled about, illuminating the ritual. And this goes on until the first sight of the sun the next day.

Then another ritual follows: the slaughter of hundreds of squealing pigs. This is to insure the dead left them in peace. As the spirits believe the squealings are their relatives grieving.

In the "pig-dance," the frenzied warriors leap about among the slaughtered pigs, until they are covered with blood. Onlookers keep up a weird howling which rises to a great crescendo as the last pig dies. Then a complete silence falls over the scene.

Later he learned that for months or even years before the Great Dance festival the tribes treat the pigs like privileged guests, grooming them and feeding them with great care, even though the warriors and women and children may starve.

CAPTIVES IN A FLYING SAUCER

As Barney Hill was driving along Highway US 3 that night in September, 1961, it was his wife, Betty, who first noticed the swiftly moving light. At first she thought it was a star.

The Hills were driving from Canada back to their home in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. They were just an ordinary American couple to whom nothing extraordinary had ever happened—or even seemed *likely* to happen—until that night, because they were to become involved in the most fantastic adventure that has ever happened. It was something about which they knew nothing—until interrogated under deep hypnosis by medical specialists five years later. If their experience is true, it must rank as one of the most terrifying adventures ever recorded, and there is overwhelming evidence to support their claim.

On that evening in September, 1961, Betty Hill was quite fascinated by the space spectacular she was watching. Some hours later, she became even more intrigued by an even bigger star which suddenly appeared hovering above the other. Eventually, she drew Barney's attention to the phenomenon and he stopped the car to look. At first he thought it was a big star moving along a fast parallel to the earth's curve.

They continued their drive . . . from time to time observing the strange bright object in the sky. Their Dachshund dog, Delsey, became restless and Betty suggested they stop to walk the dog.

When they left the car, they were now so intrigued, that they studied the strange object through binoculars for a long time. Eventually Betty remarked: "You know, that doesn't look like a star to me . . ." By 11 o'clock they had reached a spot near the somber silhouette of Cannon Mountain. Stopping the car again, they watched the fast approaching light. Barney now thought it must be an airplane. Through the binoculars Barney could see

a shape like the fuselage of an aircraft. But there were no wings. There was also series of bright lights along the fuselage, that appeared to be flashing thin beams of different colors.

It was about then that Barney had a strange feeling that *he* was being watched, too, that the strange flying object was actually trying to circle them. Trying not to alarm his wife, he hurried her into the car. But as they drove on to Cannon Mountain they saw the U.F.O. suddenly swoop down behind some trees—and vanish.

Then it reappeared no more than a few hundred feet on their right, keeping pace with the car. It was huge and shaped like a great pancake. It hovered nearby, its lights dimmed to a soft glow. There was still no sound. But Barney distinctly saw several *humanoid* figures watching the car through the windows . . .

Slowly, silently, the strange craft descended lower and lower. Then suddenly an extension like a ladder was shot out from the undercarriage and the crew came out. Barney saw one of them gliding towards him. He had never seen such compelling eyes before. And suddenly he was afraid. Starting the car, he raced off down the road, but an irregular bleeping sound came after them, and it grew louder and louder.

From that moment, the Hills lost two hours from their lives. This they cannot even now account for. The two hours longer the journey took them to reach home, and until put under hypnosis years later by medical experts, neither could remember what had happened to them in that time.

Back home they both felt strangely exhausted. Barney

had aches in his groin and lower abdomen. Both of the Hills removed their clothes and hid these garments in the cellar. There was no logical explanation for their actions, but neither wanted to *touch* the garments again.

There were curious marks all over the car and their wristwatches had stopped two hours before they reached home. They have not been able to have the watches repaired.

In the days after they had encountered the flying saucer, Betty suffered terrifying nightmares for several weeks. She woke up in the night screaming but could never explain what had frightened her.

Under hypnosis she told the psychiatrists that a roadblock had stopped their car on a lonely New Hampshire road; odd looking men in black uniforms led them from the car, then she had lost consciousness. She awoke later, she explained under hypnosis, to find herself and Barney on board some sort of aircraft, where she was given a detailed physical examination by intelligent humanoid creatures.

Barney was taken to another part of the craft for the same purpose. They were assured—in English—that they would come to no harm, and that they would be released without having any conscious memory of their strange experience.

During the examination at a psychiatric research center Barney and Betty remembered a lot more about their captors from another world. But as they were relating their experiences under deep hypnosis, neither of the Hills can remember *what* they said. However,

much of what was revealed has never been made public. The doctors refused any comment.

And it is believed that transcripts of their conversations have been passed to the FBI.

THE HAUNTED CELLAR

There was neither gas nor electricity supplied to the gloomy, old Georgian house in Brighton. It had lain empty for many years and in 1948 it was a desolate, damp building standing on several acres of neglected, overgrown garden.

Robert MacColl, who was an authority on valuable antique books went to the house to examine several trunks of old books and manuscripts which had been discovered in the cellars. The new owner wondered if they might be valuable.

It was about eight o'clock in the evening when MacColl arrived there. The workmen who were going to modernize the house had not even moved in.

The man in the house across the road was acting as caretaker and gave him the keys, but refused to go to the house . . . So MacColl found a candle in the hallway, lit it and made his way down the slippery stone steps which led into the cellars. The only sound to be heard, as he began examining the books, was the slow dripping

of a leaky tap in the old-fashioned stone sink in one corner of the cellar.

MacColl found the books so interesting that he was soon completely engrossed in his task. For the next hour or so he was quite unaware of his surroundings. Then for no logical reason he began to feel uneasy. And a sudden cold swept across him. It was a strange sensation—like nothing he had ever experienced before, but he tried to ignore the feeling and concentrate on his work. But this was impossible, and he raised his head to look across the cellar at a *hideous* sight. The bloated, bulbous figure of a woman, practically naked, was standing by the sink. It was a violently repugnant sight.

Wondering where she had come from, MacColl stammered: "What . . . what do you want?" But she did not answer . . . A chill wind seemed to whistle through the cellar, like the breath of death, and in a moment of panic, MacColl hurled a heavy book at the hideous figure which was facing him. But to his horror, the book passed right through the apparition. For a few shocked seconds he just stood there, stunned by what he had just seen. Then he snatched up his briefcase and fled from the house.

He rapped urgently on the door of the house across the road and presently a woman came to the door. Staring at MacColl's white face, she gasped: "Have you been across there by yourself?" MacColl nodded, unable to speak. The housewife was horrified. "That stupid father of mine! He had no right to let you go alone. Especially after dark!"

After a stiff drink to soothe him, MacColl was able to say: "What *is* it . . . down in that cellar?" "It's been

haunted for more than 50 years," she told him. "Everybody around these parts knows about it. And I've even had a *tussle* with the ghost! I never want to experience anything like it again. She met me on the cellar stairs when I was only a small girl and passed right through me. And I was ill for weeks afterwards!"

Later, MacColl made some inquiries about the history of that house. Apparently 60 years earlier a man had murdered his wife in the kitchen and dismembered her body in the cellar sink.

He'd planned to bury the remains beneath the cellar flagstones. But one night neighbors heard his screaming, forced their way into the house, and found the murderer crouching in the cellar, so frightened by something, that he had lost his sanity . . .

FRONT PAGE FORECAST: DISASTER

Ed Sampson's head was ringing when he woke up at his desk in the newsroom of the *Boston Globe*. It wasn't because he'd awakened with his usual hangover . . . and it wasn't caused by the incessant ringing of the busy telephones. It was the ringing, piercing screams of terrified natives, as they fought to escape the relentless pursuit of a fast-moving sea of molten lava . . . ,

Sampson tried to shake off what he thought was only

a drunken nightmare, because his heavy drinking had already put his job in jeopardy. Already he had lost his job as news editor and been demoted to the post of ordinary reporter.

It was three o'clock in the morning of August 27, 1883, when he'd awakened from a drunken sleep—he sat at his desk till all the late staff had gone. But even then he was unable to forget the vivid nightmare. So in an effort to clear it all away, he wrote it all down in detail.

It helped soothe his frayed nerves, to tell the whole story again, and it was a dramatic, true-to-life description of the disaster. Vividly and convincingly, his journalistic training described his nightmare. He wrote about the boiling seas which had crashed down on the islands, of the thousands of people fleeing from boiling torrents of mud, tidal waves of molten lava. He described the shuddering, cataclysmic explosion that blew a small island to pieces. And in his story the island was called Pralape.

After that, Sampson staggered off home to sleep off his stupor. Next morning, the editor found the story on Sampson's desk and assuming that it had come in as a late news story from some agency, he placed it on the front page. Giving it an eight-column spread . . .

New York heard about the *Globe's* big "scoop" and the story was wired out by Associated Press all over America. It was splashed by the great national dailies from Chicago to San Francisco.

Breathlessly the public waited for further details about the terrible catastrophe. But there was no follow-

up. Lamely the *Globe* said it was difficult to communicate with some obscure region in the Indian Ocean . . .

Then Sampson came into the office, realized what had happened, confessed, and was sacked. But before he had even left the office, something happened. The *Globe* was preparing to withdraw the whole story, when they received reports of abnormally high tides on the western shores of America. Tidal waves like mountains were crashing into many parts of India, many people had died in the Indian Ocean. Ships reported an explosion in the Straits of Sunda, between Java and Sumatra. An explosion which had devastated a whole island. Sampson's editor *re*-hired him immediately to re-write the reports as they flowed into the newspaper office—reports which completely confirmed his original story.

Two-thirds of an island—on which there had been a volcanic mountain, inactive for more than 300 years had been annihilated by a volcanic eruption—at the very hour Sampson was writing down his "dream."

Somehow, Sampson had seen the disaster even though he was more than 12,000 miles away from the scene. A great tidal wave *had* swept over the neighboring islands . . . and the total death roll was about 36,000.

Sampson's only error in an astonishingly prophetic story was in the name. The island that was destroyed was called Krakatoa, not Pralape. But it was this very error which gave complete authenticity to his "dream-scoop."

However, there was a remarkable sequel to Sampson's triumph, many years later. An astonishing fact came to light, which more than ever gave credence to his dream.

When Sampson had retired, he received a copy of an old map from the Dutch Historical Society. The map was almost 200 years old. And it showed that the original name for Krakatoa—the native name—had been *PRALAPE.*

HIS ROOMMATE WAS A GHOST!

It wasn't a very big room, and it *was* a very bare one. But Russ Mudd was only too pleased to move in, because he didn't have much money and he wanted a bed for the night.

He hadn't expected to find himself stranded in Manchester, late one Saturday night in January, 1946. But he'd been to a football match in the afternoon, had a few drinks with some friends and then missed his last train home.

Fortunately, or so it appeared at the time, a friendly policeman directed him to the YMCA, explaining that he could get cheap board and lodging there for the night. However, it was so late at night that the hostel was completely full, Mudd was told when he arrived. Well, *almost* full—there was one cubicle free: a room that nobody else had wanted.

The superintendent explained that nobody had spent a night in that room for several years. Some people had

tried, but they'd always left in a hurry. When he saw the room, Russ wasn't surprised nobody stayed there, because it was no bigger than a cupboard. The single bunk bed completely filled one wall, a hook behind the door served as a wardrobe . . . and a flimsy table didn't leave much floor space. Also, as Mudd remembered later, it was a cold room—not drafty or even damp, just a most curious chill in the atmosphere.

But he was so tired that he decided to make the best of a bad situation. And when he undressed he carefully arranged his watch, wallet, cigarettes and matches on the rickety bedside table.

It was when he tried to sleep, that he first sensed that he was not alone. He lay in the darkness trying to sleep, but the feeling became so strong that he finally switched the light on again. He was *quite* alone. And putting the rather weird feeling down to over-tiredness, he switched off the light and drifted off to sleep.

Something awoke him. Lying quite still he tried to see into the darkness. But he neither saw nor heard anything. Just the faint sound of somebody snoring in the next cubicle.

Reaching out for his watch, which he'd placed on the table, he found nothing. It just wasn't there! Trembling, and convinced that something eerie was going on . . . he stretched out in the darkness for his matches, his wallet or even his cigarettes. But the table top was completely bare. Leaping from the bed, Russ switched on the light and saw to his astonishment that all the things he had so carefully placed on the table were lying at the foot of his bed.

His first impulse was to try the door. It was locked—

nobody could have come into his cubicle. So he sat, rather nervously on the edge of his bed, trying to remember if he really had placed all his things on the table. His mind still clouded with strange doubts, he placed his possessions back on the table and climbed into bed again.

That was only the beginning of a disturbed night. Three times more he awoke and on each occasion everything that he had placed on top of the table had been placed at the foot of his bed. By morning he was so shaken by it all, that he felt he had to confide in somebody.

After breakfast, and giving more thought to the incidents, he went to see the resident parson. The parson looked at him soberly, then he asked: "You make a habit of smoking in bed, don't you?"

Mudd nodded. "But I'm always very careful . . ."

"That probably explains it," said the parson. "You see four years ago there was a student sleeping in that cubicle. He habitually smoked in bed, too. One night he fell asleep and set fire to his bed. In minutes the whole room was ablaze. We tried to rescue him, but failed . . . and he was burned to death."

Mudd stared. "Do you mean to tell me that it was a ghost? That his spirit moved my belongings last night?"

The parson nodded: "It has happened before. I think his spirit is restless because he wants to do everything he can to protect other people.

"In every case where this has happened, the person involved has been smoking in the bed."

FOUR DEAD AIRMEN—RETURNED TO BASE

Late one night in 1943, an RAF bomber was making its way slowly back to base at Wyton, in Huntingdonshire. It had been on a night raid over Germany and a heavy barrage of flak had almost blown it from the sky. It was a miracle that the bomber had managed to wing its way across the North Sea without crashing.

The crew must have been relieved when they were circling above their airdrome, preparing to land. And as the wounded bomber started to bear in on the runway, they must have sat back with sighs of relief. They must have felt that all their troubles were over, which they were, because as the wheels touched down on the tarmac the plane suddenly pivoted around, nose-dived and sheered across the airfield to crash into a farmhouse about a mile beyond the perimeter. The crew didn't stand a chance. There was an explosion followed by a fire through which nothing could have lived. Even though the stand-by fire wagon from the airfield was on the spot within minutes and the fire was quickly brought under control the crew died.

Luckily there was nobody in the farmhouse at the time, the tragedy was bad enough in itself.

During the following few weeks tales of weird things

happening near that burned-out wreckage were whispered about, and several people talked of passing there at night and hearing ghostly cries coming from the spot. Nobody in the neighborhood paid much attention to the stories at first—until Ted Warren had his strange experience, almost a month later.

Ted was walking home from St. Ives and had to pass the road junction less than 50 yards from the scene of the crash. At the time he was not even thinking about the tragedy, he certainly never dreamed that he would see what he did see.

Quite casually, he glanced across at the farm where the bomber had crashed. Halfway up the lane, leading to the house Ted was surprised to see shadowy figures. The way the four figures seemed to be huddled together in the middle of the lane, aroused Ted's suspicions. As a water bailiff he was accustomed to helping the police and keeping his eyes opened for suspicious behavior. He was quite sure that the four men were up to no good, so he crossed the road and started down the farm track towards them. As he drew closer, they moved apart and turned. They were all looking straight at him, and he could see that they were four airmen. Each was dressed in flying kit, holding in his right hand a parachute or a bag of some kind.

Ted at once realized that his first impression had been mistaken, but to see four airman in that farm lane puzzled him. What could they be doing there, he wondered. Calling out to them, he started to walk faster towards them, when to his amazement they suddenly turned and set off to walk across a ploughed field, towards the airfield. This wasn't what shocked him. But

all four figures *walked straight through a tall thick hedge bordering the path.* Ted knew that this yew hedge was ten feet high and at least six feet thick and there were no gaps in it.

Conscious of a chill wind that suddenly seemed to come from nowhere, blowing into his face from the direction of the four figures, Ted turned and went back to the road, running some way down this to a spot where he knew the fence was low and he would be able to see right across the field.

At that moment a full moon appeared from behind clouds and it was almost as light as day. And in the middle of the field Ted saw the four airmen plodding across the furrows towards the airdrome. But they did not move heavily and with difficulty as he might have expected of men crossing a ploughed field. They seemed to glide along at a much faster rate than Ted reckoned possible for any ordinary men. As he watched they suddenly vanished. And Ted knew that he had seen four ghosts.

He hurried on home, thoroughly shaken and trying to convince himself that he must have been suffering from an hallucination. He might have settled for this explanation but for one thing.

The next day he learned that he had not been the only person to see the four ghostly airmen. At precisely the same time, two airmen walking around the perimeter of the airfield on guard duty had seen them too.

HAUNTED—FOR NO REASON

As a former regular soldier, who had seen many years service in Africa, India and other outposts of the British Empire, Colonel John Mather had met more than his fair share of superstition. And as a typically irascible and practical military man he refused to believe anything he couldn't logically explain.

Ghosts? So far as he was concerned it was a "lot of damn silly nonsense!" There had been rumors of ghostly happenings in the area where he lived, near Whitchurch on the River Test in Shropshire, but he would have none of it. It was nothing more than local, simple-minded tosh, he said. Figments of over-active imagination. Products of idle minds.

Colonel Mather was a practical man, with no fanciful ideas. He would not give the idea of ghosts any credence at all. He lived with his wife, in a converted old mill near the river. A charming old residence with character, just like the colonel himself. But he was due for a shock, and a change in his stubborn views on the possibility of there being such things as ghosts.

One day his wife, obviously badly frightened, told the colonel that she felt sure there was something *queer* going on in the house. She could not say exactly what

she meant. It was just that she sensed a weird presence in the house. "I've *seen* nothing," she admitted. "But I cannot explain myself. It's as if I can feel the presence. I am sure there is something sharing the place with us."

The colonel's reaction was typically predictable. He scoffed at his wife's strange "feelings" and tried to reassure her that she was letting her imagination run away with her, probably caused by the local tales about ghosts which he said, had so played upon her mind that she had begun to imagine things. But his wife knew that her strange feelings were not wrong, and nothing her husband could say to her would dispel her alarm.

Then, one day as he went upstairs, the colonel himself had a weird experience. Something or someone brushed past him. There was no mistaking the sensation. It was as solid and as physical as anything he had ever experienced. The contact was quite definite—as definite as he liked anything to be. It was exactly the same sensation as one might get when two people collide while passing on stairs. And, as there was nothing tangible near him he began to have second thoughts about his wife's ideas. So real was this feeling of somebody brushing past him, that the colonel stopped in his tracks and stared about him. The lights on the stairs were full on and there was nothing—*nobody in sight.*

The strange experience did not end there. Listening intently now, he distinctly heard the sound of footsteps going down the stairs. He saw nothing, but he did sense the change in the atmosphere—a sudden icy, ghostly chill. After this weird encounter with a ghost on his stairs the skeptical colonel no longer laughed at the

suggestion of ghosts, or at his wife's claim that there was a "presence" in the old house.

His experience, he declared afterwards, was worse. It left him far more shaken than any experience he had ever had on active service.

Not content to dismiss the matter and now thoroughly intrigued, the colonel began to investigate the past history of the old mill. He was never able to find any explanation for the presence of the ghost. But he did learn that former tenants had experienced this too, and that they had heard the ghostly footsteps, as well.

So from the ranks of the cynics, the colonel moved to join the believers, because of personal experience. He was now more than convinced that the mill house was haunted.

THE PHANTOM OF A FRIGHTENED CHILD

The saddest ghosts are without any doubt the ghosts of children, because there is always a tragic tale behind their reasons for materializing.

Like the story behind the small boy's ghost in the attractive little Huntingdonshire hamlet of Houghton. And perhaps appropriately enough, the first person to see this spirit was another child. Her name was Barbara Siegal, the 11-year-old daughter of an American

airman who was stationed at a nearby USAF base.

Barbara was walking home from the village school late one February afternoon in 1949. She was later than usual, because she had been attending a rehearsal for the school play. She had stayed behind later than the other children to study her part in the play, then walked through the twilight, back to the old farmhouse, just beyond the village, where her parents were living.

This route led down a narrow lane between the school and some cottages. On the opposite side was the churchyard.

When she reached the end of this lane, Barbara was in the village square. The centerpiece of this was a shelter where the old people used to sit sometimes to gossip during the day.

On this evening, Barbara saw that the village square was completely deserted. There wasn't a soul in sight. Then, suddenly, a small boy ran across the square. He seemed to run from one of the houses near the square.

However, one thing was quite certain. The boy was running as if he was absolutely terrified by something behind him. Because he kept glancing behind him and Barbara could see the expression of sheer terror on his face. As she watched, the boy stumbled and fell. But he seemed to fall in a strange manner almost as if suddenly the ground had opened up and swallowed him. Before he reached the old shelter, Barbara saw his hands go up into the air, then he screamed a piercing scream of abject fear.

Thinking that he must have hurt himself and not even stopping to consider what the child had been fleeing from, Barbara ran forward to help him. But to

her astonishment there was nobody there. No little boy . . . nothing. The square was completely deserted.

Feeling afraid now she hurried home, where she told her parents what had happened. At first they were inclined to put down her experience as some form of hallucination. But Barbara was so emphatic about it all, that they began to make some inquiries. They discovered that Barbara *had* seen a ghost that night—the phantom of a terrified little boy fleeing from the vicious wrath of his drunken father.

The Siegals learned that many years earlier there had been a village pond where the square now stands. It had been a very deep pond with many feet of treacherous mud on the bottom.

One day a villager, angry because of something his young son had done, (and being a man feared because of his violent and uncontrollable temper), had chased the terrified boy from the house, running after his son with a heavy stick in his hand intending to thrash the boy. The boy ran straight into the pond and was drowned. His father, horrified, was too drunk to do anything to save his son.

Even after the pond had been drained and filled in, the ghost of that frightened little boy could still be seen. As was the custom at the time, the child was buried at the crossroads, near to where he had so tragically died.

For many years villagers tended his grave each year, when they carried out the ancient custom of "beating the bounds." Marching around the village beating drums, to keep his spirit in the grave. This custom fell into

disuse, the grave became neglected . . . and was eventually obliterated to make way for a new highway.

But the memory of that terror, for the phantom little boy at least, has not yet been wiped out.

POSSESSED BY HER MOTHER'S SPIRIT

Can a living person be possessed by the spirit of somebody dead? Mrs. Jill Birkby, of Portsmouth, believes this *can* happen and that it *did* happen to her in 1950.

She had always been very close to her mother, and since her mother's death, Jill Birkby is convinced that on at least one occasion, her mother's spirit has returned to this world—though only for a very brief time.

When she was alive, Mrs. Birkby's mother had a wide circle of friends and among whom was a young couple she was very friendly with, a married couple who wanted a family of their own. Unfortunately the wife invariably suffered a miscarriage and she seemed incapable of having a child.

Shortly before Mrs. Birkby's mother died, the young wife had another miscarriage, but happily she told Mrs. Birkby that she was expecting another baby soon afterwards, hoping that on this occasion nothing would go wrong. Time passed and eventually Mrs. Birkby learned

that the baby had been safely born, but the mother was seriously ill.

Feeling it a duty to visit the young mother, Mrs. Birkby went to see her. That was when the strange, inexplicable thing happened.

After chatting with the young mother for a while, Mrs. Birkby walked across to the cot to look at the baby. Proudly the mother lifted the baby up and placed it in Mrs. Birkby's arms. At that very instant a weird sensation came over Jill Birkby, a feeling almost beyond words. It was as if her inner self suddenly left her body to stand aside to look at her human form. But as she watched herself cuddling the infant it was as if she was watching someone else. And though it was her own body she saw, the person in that body was not acting the way she would normally have done. The person in her body had suddenly become was now acting in exactly the way her mother would have done. Every gesture, every change of expression, even the tone of voice. She was, Mrs. Birkby suddenly realized, watching *her mother* cuddling the new baby, making happy baby noises to it and laughing softly. Then suddenly the sensation passed and she felt her other self re-enter her body and there she was, holding the baby, strangely shocked.

Turning to the young mother, she managed to say: "It's a lovely baby—my mother would have loved it!" To her astonishment, the young mother replied: "That's funny you should say that. While you were holding the baby just now I was thinking that it was your mother I was looking at. You seemed to change, somehow—especially your voice."

Mrs. Birkby left, knowing that for a brief time, her mother had returned in spirit, that *her* mother had actually possessed her body in order to express her deep feelings of joy that her friend's baby had been born safely.

GHOST SHIP

One ghost is wonder enough, because many people will not even believe the evidence of their own eyes when they see one. So how can anybody believe in an entire ship-load of ghosts? Yet there is an abundance of evidence to prove that such a sight has actually been seen. It is the phantom of the five-masted sailing ship, the *Copenhagen.*

The *Copenhagen* was a magnificent vessel, one of the biggest and fastest of its kind, and in December, 1920, she was docked in South America, preparing for the next scheduled voyage to Australia. Supplies were being taken aboard and the crew was going about its routine business, while the skipper entertained guests in his cabin. Passengers were being settled into their quarters by the purser and stewards.

None of those on board could ever imagine the fantastic fate to which the ship was destined.

Nobody could have suspected that the *Copenhagen* was to sail away into oblivion.

Sailing time came and the anchor was hauled up and making a truly fine sight, the ship swept out of the harbor. What happened after that nobody has ever been able to discover. The last sight of this magnificent vessel was had by the people standing on the harbor walls cheering her on her way. Then she passed out of sight over the horizon . . .

According to known records of this voyage, nothing unusual happened. A few days out to sea the *Copenhagen* signaled her position in the South Atlantic, but after that she sailed into oblivion.

How can a great ship like this simply vanish without trace on an ocean where other shipping is continually using the same lanes? No particularly violent storms had been reported on the vessel's route and no other ship had reported anything out of the ordinary. But the *Copenhagen* did disappear . . .

There were official inquiries into her disappearance and other ships of many nations scoured the seas searching for her. But nothing was found, not even the smallest piece of wreckage that might come from a sunken ship. Eventually the case was closed. The disappearance of the *Copenhagen* became one more unsolved mystery of the sea.

There were some people who believed that the ship had been the victim of some weird occult happening. And though seamen in those days were a superstitious lot, nobody could find any other explanation for the disappearance.

Nothing more was heard of the *Copenhagen* for another ten years. Then in July, 1930, five witnesses, passengers on board an Argentinian steamer swore that

they sighted the *Copenhagen.* They were on deck at the time and the steamer was sailing off South America. One man suddenly spotted a five-masted vessel out to sea with her sails full and making good speed. He pointed and his friends stared at the vessel for at least ten minutes. They all knew about the strange disappearance of the *Copenhagen.* They all knew the ship by sight.

It could not have been a mirage or an hallucination. Such things rarely appear simultaneously to more than one person at a time. The men watching knew that it could not have been any other vessel . . . It was without doubt the *Copenhagen.* But when they drew the attention of the crew to what they had seen, the mystery ship had sailed into a patch of mist—and vanished!

One month later, the crew of a clipper sighted the ill-fated *Copenhagen* early one evening. This time, they were hundreds of miles away—in the South Pacific!

Not long after this second sighting, men on watch on board a small liner spotted it near the Peruvian coast.

Eight years later, in 1938, a trawler off Capetown fished up a bottle containing what is believed to be the last message from the *Copenhagen.*

But the note did not clear up the mystery. It was just a love letter from one of the crew to his girlfriend. And it was dated three weeks after the ship left South America.

Many reliable witnesses testified to the fact that the five-masted *Copenhagen* that vanished in 1920, was seen sailing the oceans. And these men, at least, are convinced that what they saw was a ghost ship.

HIS GUN WAS A KILLER

About four o'clock one morning in March, 1957, insurance investigator Grant Petersen was roused by a loud, frantic hammering on the front door of his Chicago apartment. It was Abe Jensen, a friend of his who was in the detective squad.

Realizing that Jensen should have been on duty some time earlier, Petersen stared at him in surprise. "What's the idea of waking a guy this hour of the morning?" he said sleepily. Then he saw that his friend was looking unusually tense and nervous.

"I'm sorry about this," stammered Jensen, "but I just had to do it. I want to borrow your gun. I'll leave mine with you, but for God's sake don't use it—I can't tell you why. You would think I was *crazy!*"

So Jensen borrowed the investigator's gun and left his own pistol, a .38 police Colt, behind.

It was not until much later that same day that Petersen heard that during the early morning Jensen had stumbled onto a hold-up. There was shooting at the scene of the crime and before being wounded in the chest, Jensen had been able to kill two of the hoodlums and wound another.

When Petersen went along to see his friend in the

hospital, the detective had phoned to ask him to take his police Colt along to the police firing range and test it.

Peterson did so and the first two shots were all right. Then, inexplicably, the gun's mainspring faltered, rendering the gun absolutely useless! He realized that if Jensen had been using that gun when he ran across the hold-up the hoodlums might have got away and the detective might have been killed.

Petersen wondered what remarkable premonition could have prompted the detective to wake him and borrow his gun. Because by so doing, he had undoubtedly saved his own life.

He hurried back to the hospital to report what had happened when he had tested the police Colt. "Now come on . . . what's it all about, Abe?" he said.

Abe told him. "If I *had* told you the truth when I woke you up you would have thought me nuts. You see I had this dream . . . and now I know it was a warning. I've heard such things happen, folks seeing into the future. Well, before I went on duty it happened to me.

"I dreamed I was in a gun fight when my gun failed with the third shot. When I had to go on duty the dream kept bothering me.

"Somehow I knew that before I went on duty I just had to have a gun that wouldn't let me down; there wasn't time to test my own gun, but I knew it wouldn't work if I had to use it.

"And as you know . . . it did come to pass—and I've no doubt at all that your gun saved my life."

SHE SAW HER OWN FUTURE

A dangerous experiment took place at an eastern university on the morning of September 19, 1949. It involved a 17-year-old girl called Anna Walmsley and it was an experiment with *Time*.

It turned out to be one of the most unusual cases where somebody under hypnosis *saw* into the future, an experiment which took place in the Department of Psychiatry in the university's School of Medicine.

Anna had volunteered to be the "guinea pig" for this exciting and—as it proved—dangerous experiment.

Anna was put into a trance, with every possible precaution being taken to insure her safety. Then she was skillfully questioned under hypnosis by psychiatric experts. Gently and slowly her mind was explored and encouraged to move ahead of time. The results were indeed dramatic for this girl, who did move forward in time and she was able to tell of things that were happening in the future—in *her own* future.

But the experts could not then be sure that the girl was not merely inventing things. Only time itself could possibly prove if their experiment was a success—if a person with some extra-sensory perceptive gifts could see into the future.

While under hypnosis Anna suddenly began to show signs of terrible anguish, tears streamed down her face. Bravely she tried to hide her awful suffering as she cried out repeatedly: "My baby, my baby! My baby is dead!" The two scientists carrying out the experiment exchanged significant glances and a few seconds later brought Anna out of her trance. Now fully conscious, she was questioned again. "Tell us what you saw," said Dr. Richard Lohman, one of the scientists conducting the experiment.

Anna was frightened by her experience, and she told them in a faltering manner: "It was about half-past three one afternoon. I was married and I was standing close to a cradle. In the cradle lay a young baby, it was *my* baby . . . and he was dead." She broke off and pitifully she asked: "Do you think it will really happen that way? Do you think I will have a baby who will die?" The scientists assured her: "No, you must forget it, Anna. This was nothing more than an experiment."

The years passed, during which time the scientists experimented with other volunteers, continuously seeking absolute proof that it is possible for some people to see into the future.

But they also kept an eye on Anna Walmsley, and when she married in 1953 a note of this was made in her file. Another note was made in July, 1954, when Anna gave birth to a son.

And then—in September, 1954—Dr. Stanley, the other scientist who had been present at the experiment involving Anna, suddenly had a strange urge to visit Anna and her husband. When he arrived at her home she was in a distressing condition, sobbing as if her heart

was breaking. Stanley learned later that in the afternoon, the baby had been taken suddenly ill. At half-past three the child had died in his cradle.

Anna's case has been completely authenticated and cannot be lightly brushed aside by the skeptics. All the facts were duly recorded and witnessed by trained psychiatrists. There is no doubt at all that Anna Walmsley *did* see into the future.

And this was but one of the many similar cases conducted by two of the most gifted psychiatrists in America.

THE GHOST AND RUBY MILLER

To actors the term "The Ghost Walks" has nothing to do with spooks. It refers to pay day.

This phrase came to be used when an actor who was playing the "Ghost" in Hamlet also happened to be the business manager of the company—and it was his job to pay out salaries.

Ruby Miller, famous one-time Gaiety star had probably seen more ghosts than any other single person in this world.

One night, when Ruby was playing at a West End theater in London, a ghost really did walk on pay night. The play in which she was appearing had been running

for several weeks. And as Ruby entered her dressing room one evening she noticed that all her "first night" greetings telegrams had been unpinned from the wall and were now lying on her dressing table. At first, she assumed that one of the cleaners had taken the telegrams down. When Ruby's dresser, a woman named Bessie, came in, she carefully pinned the telegrams back on the wall. The following evening, however, Bessie reported that the cleaner, who attended Ruby's room, had denied touching the telegrams.

A few nights later, Bessie was upset when she found that someone had been moving the dresses and shoes around.

Once again the cleaner denied Bessie's accusations. Everything was in order for the next few days, and then one day, Ruby found a vase of flowers tipped over into the wash basin.

It looked like an accident, but strong denials came from the cleaner, when she was once more accused by Bessie. This was followed by strange knockings on the dressing room door and whenever Bessie answered them, there was never anybody there! Finally, Bessie said to her mistress: "I hope this is not one of your spooks!"

One Friday evening, Ruby was surprised to find a salary envelope on her dressing table. She knew that the assistant business manager usually did his rounds with pay during the second interval.

When Bessie came in from the wardrobe room Ruby asked her if she had signed for the salary. "I would never take such liberties." Bessie was indignant. Ruby showed her the envelope, and they were both frankly

puzzled. It seemed to be quite a large sum of money to leave lying around . . . without anyone having signed for it. But on opening the sealed envelope she found that it contained nothing but stage money. Then Ruby laughed. "It must be somebody playing a joke on us."

During the second interval, the assistant business manager came to the dressing room with Ruby's salary, and he was astonished when she showed him the dud money.

She also informed him that apparently nobody in the company knew anything about it. "It looks as if a ghost has really walked tonight," she said jokingly.

The first thing Ruby noticed in her dressing room last thing that evening was that the envelope and the fake money had disappeared. Yet, she knew, the dressing room had been locked when Bessie and she left before the performance. It was a week later when Ruby called at the theater late one night to pick up a script she had left behind. As the night watchman opened the door of the dressing room Ruby heard a voice say: "It's too late . . . too late!" But the room was empty.

When she asked the night watchman if he had heard anything, he shook his head. Then Ruby asked: "Did anything unusual ever happen in this dressing room?" Slowly he told her that many years before, his father, who had been an assistant business manager, played small parts on stage, too. In one old melodrama he had to appear as a ghost. But he had a lot of domestic trouble and started drinking and gambling. One Friday night he arrived in the room before the usual time, with the leading star's salary. She was on stage and her dresser was in the wings. As he was badly in need of money to pay his debts, the temptation to substitute

"property" money for the real banknotes in the envelope overcame him.

Quickly he made the exchange, then he continued his rounds of the other dressing rooms. But during the third act he must have sobered up. And panic-stricken at the thought of being found out, he hurried back to the dressing room to return the real money to the envelope. But to his horror the envelope had gone. In his desperate search for the envelope he knocked over a vase of flowers and ripped the telegrams from the wall. Then as he heard the actress approaching the dressing room, he turned to flee, but caught his foot in the carpet, fell, and knocked his head on the sharp corner of the dressing table. He was found lying on the floor by the actress and her dresser and as they bent over him, he shouted: "It's too late . . . too late!"

At the hospital, he confessed everything shortly before he died.

PHANTOM FOOTSTEPS IN THE HOSPITAL

A sudden and violent death is said to be the reason for many ghosts haunting the scenes of their deaths. And the research team that investigated the spectre at an isolation hospital near Burton-on-Trent believe that this is why the ghost frightened a student nurse in that hospital in 1942.

Mrs. Marion Fowler, a student nurse, often relieved the senior nurse on late night duty, and on one occasion, when the senior nurse was attending a Christmas party, Mrs. Fowler took over in the ward. It was arranged that Marion would only be on duty as a deputy until about 11 o'clock when her senior would return to duty. But by 11 o'clock, the senior nurse had still not turned up for duty.

At this point, it must be stressed, Mrs. Fowler in no way claimed any kind of belief in occult matters. She would most certainly have denied having *any* belief in ghosts.

Still on duty as midnight approached, that night was to be a rather fateful one for Mrs. Fowler, who was sitting in the ward when she heard a door opening. She knew that there was only one outside door to the ward, and this was situated at the far end of a long corridor. So she at once assumed that at long last the senior nurse had left her party and had returned to relieve her from duty.

The door opened and closed, then Mrs. Fowler heard footsteps walking along the corridor, footsteps which went past the ward in which she was sitting. Getting up and smiling at a patient who still lay wide awake unable to sleep, she said softly: "That must be Nurse Baker coming back. I expect she won't be feeling much like coming on duty." She broke off her chat with the patient and left the ward, going out into the corridor and following the footsteps into another ward. But—to her astonishment—when she entered this ward there was no sign of Nurse Baker!

There was nobody in the ward who could have walked

down that corridor. And though she made a thorough search of adjoining wards, Mrs. Fowler found nobody—nothing that might have explained the footsteps she had heard, or the opening and closing of the door.

Puzzled by the footsteps which had sounded rather hasty—like Nurse Baker arriving much later than she had arranged—Marion Fowler felt alarmed.

Then, when Nurse Baker eventually did arrive to take up her duty, Marian Fowler told her of the strange experience and was told the footsteps must have been those of the ghost.

Some time earlier, Marian was told, a nurse at the hospital had been chased and attacked by an intruder in the corridor. The intruder had been a poacher and afterwards the nurse died from her injuries. And ever since her tragic death, her ghost has walked the corridor at night.

Mrs. Fowler also learned that she was not the first person to hear those phantom footsteps. Several members of the nursing staff and some patients, unable to sleep at night, had heard them.

HE MET HIS DEAD SISTER

Not all ghosts go a-haunting at the witching hours because there are many instances where they have been seen in broad daylight. Like the one seen by Eric P.

Kennedy, a businessman who had traveled to St. Joseph, Minnesota, on business. This was the ghost of his sister, who had died almost ten years earlier.

Kennedy had had a very good day's business, so on that August afternoon in 1939, he returned to his hotel room just after lunch to write out his sales reports.

At that time, Kennedy was not consciously thinking about his dead sister, although when she had been alive there had been a strong bond of affection between them. Certainly he wasn't a man who had ever experienced or given any thought to occult phenomena.

As he sat in that quiet hotel room writing his reports and dealing with orders, it was a beautiful day outside: bright sunlight streamed through the window into his room.

Smoking a cigar, his mind fully occupied with the work in hand, he suddenly became conscious of the fact that he was not alone. There was somebody else sitting at the table beside him. Glancing up from his papers, he was so surprised, he almost swallowed his cigar. Because on the other chair, less than a yard away was his *dead sister*.

For a long time they stared at each other, then as he leaped to his feet and said her name—she disappeared. He had been so close that there was absolutely no doubt it had been she, exactly as she had looked before she died. Kennedy could clearly see the expression on her face, and details of her dress.

Her eyes had looked gently and naturally into his. The visitation so impressed him that he caught the next train home and told his family what had happened. His father was inclined to ridicule him until he saw how

much Eric believed in his experience. But the astonishing fact was that Eric Kennedy told of a bright red scratch he had seen on his sister's face. When he mentioned that, his mother was so startled that she almost fainted. She told him that it *must* have been his dead sister. This scratch had been made after the girl's death. The undertaker had accidently made the scratch when placing the body in the coffin. The mother saw this and had it concealed with make-up, because she had been pained to think that her daughter's face should have been marred.

Mrs. Kennedy assured him that *nobody* else had seen the scratch. But if Eric had clearly seen it on the spirit's face, then it was all the proof that was needed to show that he had really seen his sister's ghost.

Not long after this, Mrs. Kennedy died. But she was convinced that she would rejoin her daughter in another life.

POSTAGE STAMP PROPHESIED A KING'S DEATH

How can you possibly associate such an ordinary object as a postage stamp with supernatural phenomena? The very idea seems too fantastic. But it's true. And it happened in England, in 1910, during the reign of Edward VII, who was one of the most popular kings that nation has ever known.

At this time the King was ill, but there was little cause for alarm, because Edward was known to be as strong as a lion, a tough one . . . a real fighter. Eight years before he had suffered a far more serious illness, but he had fought through and fully recovered to become as strong and active as ever.

It did not matter that he was 69. People asked themselves did not his mother live to the grand age of 82, and when she died she had all her faculties. The King, they told themselves, confidently, came from a long line of hardy people . . . he would be all right. It was a measure of his popularity and the high regard the common people had for him that everybody fought his illness with him and prayed for his recovery.

Edward was a sound diplomat and he had worked hard all his life to ally England with France. And though he had a reputation for enjoying the good things of life, this only made him all the more popular. Thus it may be seen that his death would come as a terrible shock to his people, and they would not believe that his days were numbered. But then it happened. A new issue of postage stamps was brought out. And to the horror of those who first bought this stamp, the color had an awful significance.

The change in color was, the Government explained afterwards, merely the result of experiments to introduce some variety in postage stamp design. But what horrified everybody, was the stamp's color. It was in somber grayish-black . . . a mourning color . . . with the King's head superimposed on top. To many this had only one meaning. The King must be dead!

The rumour spread quickly through the country that

Edward VII was dead. Before noon on that first day of the issue, all London and most of Britain had received the sad news. Nobody stopped to think that no government would ever have acted quite so precipitately. Soon urgent word was going around to scotch the wild rumors, but the damage had been done. Nobody would believe that the stamp issue was not some dreadful omen—a sign of some strange psychic power.

Most people firmly believed that an occult force had influenced those responsible for the stamp's issue, and that it was a warning to the nation that their king was doomed.

No one knows how much truth there might have been in all this, but one thing *is* certain—two days later, King Edward VII, who had fully been expected to recover, *died.*

There were few people who did not believe implicitly that the stamp had in some mysterious manner foretold the death of the King. And those who had mourned his death too early, mourned him again, this time in earnest.

BOY'S GHOST REMAINED AT HOME

Four days after Alice Gilbert's son was killed in a road accident, he sent his mother the first of many messages, messages which Phillip sent from "the other

side." And as his mother carefully and painstakingly recorded them all in a diary, which she later published in book form, they provide an astounding description of life in the hereafter.

The first message from the teenage Philip to his mother came in 1949 in which he comforted her and described his immediate reactions after his death. Assuring her that he felt very little pain after the accident, and then only for a few moments, he told her how he had opened his eyes and seen trees flowing with an ivory golden light. But his next experience was a shock. He saw his own body lying on the road. Then he saw his Grandpa and he realized that he was dead.

In his spirit form, he went to his home near Stratford-on-Avon and did something very human, he rang the front doorbell. Then he passed into the house straight through the solid door. His Grandpa's spirit was there, too. He could see his mother looking very upset and tried to tell her he was there, right beside her, but could not make her hear him.

He stayed in the house and later, in his mother's bedroom he saw another spirit: *An Oriental with a turban and a beard.* Philip was still trying to contact his mother and once she almost saw him—and the moment passed.

He was at the graveside for his own funeral when he was recognized by his retriever dog. The humans present noticed the dog's strange behavior, but failed to understand.

Philip said he could move around simply moving and steering by thought, and he also had a new sense of knowledge.

In his spirit world he met the psychic medium in the spirit world through whom his mother started to receive his spirit messages. He sent messages to her, but through another spirit, in which he explained that humans appeared to him like figures on a television screen, except that he was able to walk among them and sit on chairs beside them. In fact, after his fatal accident, he had felt tired and rested on his own bed at home!

At a later communication with his mother, he told her to rest more and not to feel sad. For a while he would be "living" at home and begged her to make sure that nobody sat on him by mistake.

Later he began to worry, as his mother still seemed to doubt that he was "living" close to her most of the time. He explained that to him, she was more her etheric self than her earthly self. If, when he was close to her, she made her mind empty he could "breathe images onto her mind" and in this way communicate.

He said he was staying near the earth for a time, but had "learned things in the next planes before he went there . . ." But, above all, Philip told her, he knew the great peace she had always talked about when he was alive because in his new life "it was easier to find."

He spoke of meeting his mother's aunt on the other side, who was now young and gay. Whatever they wanted in the new life, said Philip, they simply "thought up" and there it was.

He told how his Grandpa had a group around him, who seemed to be his brothers and sisters, and he seemed to be their "leader."

Everything in his new life was much more lucid and always there was a wonderful sense of peace.

THREE MEN VANISHED . . .

For six days and six nights in December, 1900, a fierce gale lashed the Hebrides and for ten nights there had been no sign of life from the lighthouse on Eilean Mor: one of the remote, Flannan Isles, which lay 17 miles out in the Atlantic. Neither had there been any distress signals from the three men stationed there. So the fourth member of the team, Joseph Moore, was worried.

Moore was waiting for the gale to blow over, so that he could return to Eilean Mor after his shore leave. And as he waited impatiently at Loch Roag, the nearest port to the Flannan Isles, he knew that something strange had happened . . .

It was unlikely that illness could have prevented his three friends from manning their posts. But if that *had* happened, one of them could surely have sent off a distress signal. But as Moore studied the distant island through a telescope, there was no movement of any sort. There seemed to be nobody there.

The lighthouse had been in operation only for a year and its modern equipment had naturally been well looked after by an expert crew as part of their normal duty. There was no possibility of the equipment break-

ing down completely. If *that* had happened then why had there been no flares or other signals from the lighthouse?

Eilean Mor was the largest of the Flannan Isles, which were little more than rocks and before the lighthouse was built, many ships had been wrecked there.

Moore knew that Hebridean villagers had always believed that the islands were populated by fairies and kelpies and—even in good weather—the locals always kept well away from the Flannan Isles. Indeed, the villagers were so afraid of the *little people* that the islands were always referred to as "the far countrie." Could the *wee folk* have taken their revenge on the intruders, Moore wondered?

Waiting to sail to the islands was the Northern Lighthouse Board's supply ship, the *Hesperus*. Moore grew impatient as the skipper refused to attempt the crossing so long as the gales lasted. "Apart from supplies you have Christmas presents on board for the lads," Moore reminded the captain. "They should have them tonight." But even as he said that, Moore had a hunch that his three mates would never even see their gifts.

At dawn on New Year's Day the gale blew itself out, and the *Hesperus* sailed for the lighthouse. The skipper cruised around the island three times before preparing to land. Hoisting the usual signals, he received no customary flurry of answering flags. The brooding silence was uncanny as the *Hesperus* drew nearer. Even the usual flocks of viewing seagulls had deserted the place.

No preparations had been made for the supply ship's expected arrival. There was nothing stacked on the jetty

for loading, no mooring ropes ready. Despite the fact that the sea was still running high, Moore was determined to land. So a boat was launched—and eventually reached the jetty. Moore scrambled up the stone steps and ran towards the station. The entrance gate and main door were closed. Cupping his hands, he shouted to his mates. But there was no reply. He forced his way into the station. Cold ashes lay in the fireplace, the clock had stopped, and the sleeping quarters were tidy and deserted. With two of the supply boat's crew accompanying him, Moore climbed the spiral stairs leading to the lantern room. But both the lantern room and the gallery were empty . . . though in perfect working order.

One of the sailors claimed that the island's "little people" must have spirited the keepers away. Though Moore didn't believe this, he had to admit that whatever had happened to his three friends, it had been sudden and unexpected. The big lanterns had all been trimmed, the lens and gearing cleaned, and the oil fountains and canteens topped up. In the kitchen, dishes, pots and pans had been washed and neatly stacked away.

The slate on which Ducat, the chief keeper, kept his records was found in its usual place . . . and the last entry had been made at nine o'clock on the morning of Saturday, December 15. The record showed nothing occurring outside of normal routine.

For the rest of the day Moore and the two men from the *Hesperus* searched the whole island. But there wasn't anything to even hint at the cause of the mysterious disappearances.

Two days later a party of officials landed to hold an inquiry. On the voyage back to Loch Roag they prepared a preliminary report which said that on the 15th, the wind reached such force that the three keepers had feared for the safety of the crane. And, during a lull in the storm, they had made their way to the west landing —and been swept to their deaths by an exceptionally high wave.

But there were two objections to this theory. Three experienced men would never have gone down to the jetty together . . . MacArthur's sea-boots and oilskins had been found still inside the lighthouse. Furthermore, as several local seamen pointed out, Saturday, December 15, had been a comparatively calm day, with no heavy seas.

"Very well," said the officials. "The tragedy must have happened on the following day when the winds mounted again. Ducat must have been careless in keeping his log." However, this report was not delivered, because the skipper of the steamship *Archer*, a Captain Holman, stated that he had passed close to the lighthouse at midnight on December 15th, and the light had quite definitely been out!

However, there was one curious fact that the inquiry revealed. When Joseph Moore called to his friends as he approached the lighthouse gate, three large birds rose from behind the station . . . and flew across the sea. Several seamen from the supply ship saw the birds and described them as being like great, black albatrosses, the likes of which nobody had ever before seen.

And like the three missing men . . . the strange sea birds never returned to Eilean Mor.

CHILD'S DOLL WAS A KILLER

One night in 1955, Mrs. Barbara Grayson had a dream in which she was living with her two children and their dog in a lonely cottage near Cromer, on England's east coast. Early one morning in her dream, she left the cottage and accompanied by her children and the dog set out to walk along the beach.

It was a pleasant dream and nothing unusual happened, until later the dog stopped and began to bark excitedly. When she investigated Mrs. Grayson laughed at the dog, for the thing that had caused all his excitement was nothing more than a child's doll, with curly blonde hair, wearing a red dress and white sandals.

Her first reaction was to pick the doll up, but to her astonishment as she bent to pick it up, the arms came off. Then the legs . . . and she heard a violent explosion . . .

When she awoke, Barbara Grayson felt a strange fear —an awful, very real sensation that she could not forget for most of the morning. But later the dream faded from her mind. At that time she couldn't see how this dream could have been a warning. After all, she *didn't live* in a cottage near the sea, she had no children, and she didn't even own a dog. But one day—six years later

—that dream was to be remembered in a most dramatic way.

With her husband, Barbara Grayson had moved to live in a cottage near the sea, and by then they had two children . . . and a dog. Still she did not recall that dream. Until it happened . . .

One morning she left the cottage with her two children, the dog barking and leaping around their feet, to walk along the beach. The dog discovered something partially buried in the sand, and barking excitedly, he refused to go on. Mrs. Grayson went up to the spot and saw the doll . . . it had blonde curls, a red dress and white sandals. Suddenly, Barbara Grayson was afraid. She could not bring herself to pick up the doll; and she screamed at the children not to touch it. She could not understand her actions but she quickly walked the dog and the children away from the doll, and returned to the cottage.

Then remembering her dream of six years ago, she realized that it had been a warning of some terrible danger. Still she could not think what the danger might have been and she began to feel rather silly, especially later, when she told her husband.

But her fears were well-founded. Her husband went to the place where the doll was and, to his horror, only inches away, he spotted—buried in the sand—the metal end of an *unexploded bomb*. He raced off and reported his find and within hours bomb-disposal experts were on the beach. They dug out the bomb and rendered it harmless.

The officer in charge told them: "It's a good thing nobody touched it—a bomb like that could have made

a very nasty mess . . ." Mrs. Grayson almost fainted with relief. Then she knew that her dream *had* been a warning that saved her children, her dog and herself from being blown to bits.

ANNE MURPHY'S REVENGE

Can a prison cell become such a place of horror that the authorities order it to be sealed up? Can the terrifying incidents that happened there have been caused by a ghost? Nothing else has explained what happened in number seven cell, in the Fourth Precinct police station, New Orleans on November 10, 1872. Early that morning, Mary Taylor was cut down, just in time by a jailer, when she tried to hang herself.

Dr. Paul Wessen, who had attended her and Captain Doyle McKenna, a top-ranking detective, were summoned and the two men heard Mary's story . . .

She had awakened during the night to see the figure of an old woman in a stained, crumpled dress and slippers. The figure had fixed her with such an intense stare that she had been unable to look away. "She forced me to get up, tear my dress in strips and make a noose," said Mary. "I could not resist her terrible eyes. I fastened one end of the rope to the bars, put the noose around my neck and then kicked my stool away."

As they listened to her, the policeman realized that Mary had exactly described a drunken old woman, Anne Murphy, who had hanged herself in the same cell five months earlier. But that was only the beginning. Incredible, as it may seem, but since the old woman hanged herself in that cell, 13 other prisoners did the same.

The jailers were unable to discover what was causing such a death list. Until they prevented Mary Taylor becoming victim number 14. They got confirmation of their fears, but even then they were not satisfied. So they decided to do some investigations. Detectives spent hours tapping every brick in the cell, inspecting the bars, grill and every crack in the place. Finally, satisfied that no human being could either enter the cell or pass anything through into it, they decided to lay a trap.

Their chance came when they jailed a fisherman for some minor offense. After questioning the man, the officers were satisfied that their captive had never even heard of Anne Murphy. So cell number seven was opened up to greet the drunken fisherman, who gratefully sank down on the bunk. Within a few minutes he was snoring loudly.

Outside in the corridor, Captain McKenna, Sergeant Duggan and a jailer kept watch; even though they were certain that nobody could enter without their knowledge, two patrolmen were on watch outside.

Every five minutes, one of the men in the corridor slid back the cell grill and looked in at the sleeping prisoner. Soon after four o'clock, snoring stopped suddenly. Captain McKenna slid the grill back, slowly. To his astonishment, in the short time since the snores had

ceased, the fisherman had made a rope from strips of his shirt, one end of which was tied to one of the bars above his head. McKenna bounded into the cell and slashed at the improvised rope with a knife and the others caught the prisoner as he fainted. And as they carried the man along to McKenna's office, he kept screaming: "Keep away from me . . ."

Once they had quieted him down, he told them he had seen a "dirty old woman, in a calico dress and old slippers." The description tallied exactly with that of Anne Murphy. And hypnotizing the fisherman with "her horrible eyes," she *made* him hang himself.

The more the policeman thought over events, the more convinced they became that Anne Murphy had returned from the grave to haunt the scene of her death.

Captain McKenna made a decision which perhaps should have been made a good deal earlier. Early the next day he had workmen brought in to brick up the cell doorway and window.

But could Anne Murphy really have so affected 15 people that they should all seek death? On the night she had been arrested, she scratched a jailer's face with her fingernails. And medical reports on the 13 suicides and the two attempted suicides, showed that a similar *fresh* scratch appeared on almost all their faces . . .

THE CASE OF THE PSYCHIC SENTRY

Psychic experts agree that probably the most haunted place in the world is the thirteen acres occupied by the Tower of London. This should not be surprising, considering that in the last four hundred years of history, hundreds of people have been executed in the nearby Tower Hill.

One of the strangest ghost stories from the Tower concerned a young soldier, Albert Reynolds. Late one night in October, 1950, another soldier on sentry duty was patrolling near the magazine room when he was startled by a loud, piercing scream. Running towards the magazine room this sentry found another soldier lying unconscious on the ground. It was Reynolds.

When he recovered Albert Reynolds raved on about the hideous apparition of a headless woman he had seen floating towards him. He had instinctively challenged the figure, then he dropped his rifle and fainted.

Reynolds firmly believes that it was the ghost of Anne Boleyn, one of Henry VIII's wives. After marrying Henry, Anne failed to produce a male heir, was charged with adultery and beheaded at the Tower in 1536.

But this was not the end of Reynolds' terrifying ex-

periences. On another occasion, when he was on senty duty, he sensed a change in the atmosphere—he was in the upper battlements of the high Salt Tower, and instinctively he realized something weird going on. He heard the rattle of stones falling around his sentry box and looking up he saw a white, shapeless form. Raising the alarm, he called out a search party to hunt for the intruder. But no one was found . . .

Reynolds gradually learned to accept this ability to see ghosts, but he was certainly not sorry when his tour of duty at the Tower of London came to an end.

HER DREAMS ARE SURE BETS

Albert Evans thinks his wife, Olive, is a dream-girl in more ways than one—Olive dreams about winning race horses *before the events take place.* Olive's dreams not only provide her with the winners of big races and small races, but they also give the all-correct lines on football pools. The Evanses have cashed in on her fabulous dreams in no uncertain manner. And to date, they have won more than £5,000.

In August, 1967, they collected checks totaling more than £4,000 from the London bookmakers, William Hill. This bookmaking firm had thought up a real money maker for Epsom week—a "forecast double" and punters had to forecast the first and second horses in both

the Derby and the Oaks. Mrs. Evans went to bed one night in her suburban London home, slept on the idea —and scooped the pool!

Three days before the Derby she dreamed about a man called George Moore. This dream was followed by another the next evening, in which she heard the name Ribocco and Pia, and a girl lying in a horse box beside a jockey.

The day before the Derby, she studied a racing newspaper and read that jockey George Moore was riding Royal Palace. Furthermore, there was a horse called Ribocco also running. One of the horses in the Oaks was Pia, and another was called St. Pauli Girl.

It is now racing history that the favorite, Royal Palace romped home in the Derby, leading Ribocco into second place. And Olive's pair for the Oaks duly obliged by coming in first and second, a few days later.

Olive only invested a modest two shillings on Hill's forecast double, naming the four required horses in the correct order, but her bet won £385. 2s.

Her husband, Albert, had more faith in his wife's remarkable forecasts and he invested £1. and won £3,851!

Friends, who knew about Olive's peculiar "gift" to dream up race results in advance also cashed in on her tips.

When did Olive's strong power first start? As she says herself, it was about 20 years ago—not long after her mother died that she began to have her prophetic dreams. The first one, however, was about a tragedy. She dreamed her pet dog, Sandy, had been killed by a car. He was—the very next day.

Later she had a most intriguing dream, in which she learned that her husband—a saddler—would soon "move onto the pavement . . ." Later, it turned out correct, when they moved to Crawley, in Sussex, to open a new shop—this shop was in a part of the town known as The Pavement.

This was followed by peculiar dreams about sets of numbers, odd names and images, all of which had no connection at all with her life. Then a friend suggested trying a set of the dream numbers for a permutation on the football pools. She did and won £159. Several smaller dividends followed on the pools, all from series of numbers dreamed by Olive. These wins included another of £115.

The strange names, numbers and images suddenly began to take on a new meaning, when both Evanses checked through the sporting pages of the paper and found the names of race horses to match the symbols and names. From this she backed Derby winner Pinza and Arctic Prince at odds of 40 - 1, as well as Babur, at 25 - 1. But in the ordinary sense Olive and her husband don't *bet*. They only back the dream tips that are real long-shots.

One night she dreamed the name Triang . . . and in this same dream a Welsh girl spoke to her on a journey home. In the morning paper Olive saw that three horses were down to run that day: Triang, Welsh Mistress and Homeward Bound. Bets on these netted both her and her husband another £442 winnings. That kind of money ought to convince even the most hardened of skeptics.

SHADOWED BY PHANTOM FOOTSTEPS

Most people claim to see the ghost which haunts them, but with Alex Smith, a 38-year-old gardener of Potterne, in Wiltshire, it was rather different. Smith was haunted, not by some frightening apparition, but by footsteps—footsteps which walked about the house where he worked . . . and which he later heard in the local church.

The footsteps started "walking" in 1948, after Smith's former employer died on his way back from a business trip to South Africa. Smith heard the sounds shortly afterwards. By that time, however, the house had been let to tenants, who kept Smith on as their gardener . . . and one day, when the family was away for the week-end, Smith went along to the kitchen for a morning cup of tea, there was only a maid in the house. She had been working upstairs and came down to the kitchen to meet him. As she reached the kitchen, heavy footsteps were heard entering one of the bedrooms upstairs.

The girl was startled, because she knew that there was nobody in the house but herself and Smith. Certainly there could not have been anyone upstairs unless they had forced an entry through a window when she was on her way down to the kitchen. At the sound of

the footsteps, the maid stood in the kitchen, whitefaced with surprise and horror. Then she exclaimed: "There can't be anybody up there."

Smith went with her to investigate. They searched every room and every passageway, even the linen cupboards, but they found nothing. There was nobody there. No sign of anything that might have made the strange noise they both heard.

Then in 1952, Smith's employers were again away for the day. Their first maid had been so frightened of "the footsteps" that she resigned, declaring that the house was haunted. On this occasion, Smith and the new servant were sitting in the kitchen when once more the footsteps were heard in the upper rooms.

As they listened, the footsteps came nearer, as though someone had come downstairs, crossed the hall and gone into the drawing room. Both knew that the front door was locked and bolted on the inside, so nobody could have entered the house that way. So Smith, accompanied by the new maid, made a thorough search of the house and again found nothing . . .

With two separate and independent witnesses in the two different maids, Smith pointed out that it wasn't just his imagination—he *had* heard something.

Now, intrigued by the mystery, Smith, spent some time in investigations. He examined the local church records, and on three Saturday afternoons, he heard the footsteps again. On the first of these occasions he heard the footsteps walking down the aisle of the church. But when he looked up he saw nothing and the footsteps ceased abruptly. On the second Saturday, the

church door opened and someone came in. But again, there was nobody there.

The church organ was above the vestry where he was examining parish records, and the only way to the organ was via stairs in the vestry. Smith had unlocked the vestry himself. But on the third afternoon he heard someone walking above him on the organ floor.

When he went up to the organ, he found nobody there.

Just why the footsteps persisted in haunting him, he couldn't say. The parish records revealed no explanation, and after that Saturday, the "ghost feet" ceased to walk.

GHOST BAFFLES SECURITY POLICE

During the Second World War, several people saw Dame Mabel Brookes' mother coming to visit Dame Mabel. Among the eye-witnesses were several members of the Royal Australian Air Force. Dame Mabel's mother appeared at the house several times, but the strange thing was that *the old woman had died several years earlier.*

And the airmen who saw her were among the most hard-headed, practical types you could wish to meet. They were members of the Australian Air Force security police—hardly the sort of people who could be fooled

by any trickery, so their testimonies about the ghost are all the more valuable and authentic.

It happened at Dame Brookes' home, an old house in the Melbourne suburb of South Yarra, taken over by the Australian Air Force during the war.

One night, when members of the security police were locking up the house, they were suddenly startled to see an elderly white-haired woman stroll from the sitting room and walk very slowly up the staircase. As they watched her, she disappeared around the bend of the upstairs landing.

At first the security men thought she might be one of the cleaners working late, unaware that the place was about to be locked up. So one of the officers started after her at the same time calling out. But there was no reply. So he went upstairs to search the landing and rooms. And found nobody . . .

The men were puzzled by the experience, but they did not report what had happened until further incidents happened. A few days later, about the same hour, she was seen again. This time she walked straight towards the officers, who were in the ballroom. When one of the men shouted at her she turned, gave him a haughty stare, and then continued up the stairs. They saw her again one day in the billiard room, but after that, she didn't appear to them again.

When reports of the strange experience were given to Dame Mabel who told them that they had undoubtedly seen her mother's ghost, Dame Mabel assured them that she had seen this ghost and explained that her dead mother had had a tremendous affection for the family home.

When the Air Force took over the house after the mother died, and the treasured family furnishings were replaced by desks and filing cabinets, Dame Mabel said, that her mother's ghost probably disapproved of the changes.

The new home to which Dame Mabel had moved, also had a ghost. Even her children spoke about ghostly footsteps they heard coming from the beach along a gully at the back of the kitchen.

Dame Mabel knew that the previous owner had been very attached to the house, and believed that he was returning in spirit to find out how his earthly home was being treated by the new owners. She was sure, too, that this ghost would go on his way happily when he saw that the place had been filled with young people and lots of gay activity.

Dame Mabel went to stay at a friend's country house a few years later, and it was there that she saw a young girl's ghost when it appeared at midnight, warming its hands by her bedroom fire.

When she first saw the phantom she thought it was one of the children sleep-walking, then she suddenly realized that she could see the fireplace through the girl's "body." This ghost stayed in her room for fully two minutes and then vanished.

Later, her hostess said that this was her eldest sister's ghost, who had died of measles many years ago. Apparently, she had fallen out of her bed as she died—in the room Dame Mabel was sleeping in.

HE LIVED IN ATLANTIS . . .

Sam Bates was a journalist, a rather tough, cynical sort of person who adamantly refused to believe anything he couldn't explain logically. So when his editor told him to write a story about "ghost writings," Sam felt rather skeptical about the whole business.

It was in October, 1949, that he started his experiments with a planchette board; an instrument used in spirit-writing. What Bates discovered brought an incredible change in his personality.

A planchette board is used by a medium, who holds the pen or pencil and allows a spirit force to control what is being written.

After experimenting without any success for some weeks, Bates eventually discovered that if he held a pencil loosely between his fingers some power would use the pencil to write intelligent answers to questions put to it.

Joined in his experiments by a young woman from his office, Bates was handed messages she had received. She had asked the spirit if it had lived on Earth and received replies she did not believe—because it mentioned a civilization she had never heard of . . . one which was described in great detail by the spirit.

It was about 9,000 years ago, and the place Maya. The spirit claimed he had died in an earthquake—and the replies interested Bates, who had always been interested in Atlantean theories.

Bates was told about himself . . . and that *he* had had *four* incarnations before his present existence. His first was also in Maya, shortly before the Atlantean earthquake, and his name was Nnenta, prince of the Royal House of Maya! His wife was called Nnonja and in this present life she is one of his closest friends.

Life in Atlantis was described by the spirit in great detail. It was ruled over by a king, who was advised by the priests. Basic foods were meat, fish and rice. Domestic animals were sheep and cows, with plenty of wild animals which were hunted in the hills.

Alcoholic drinks were quite unknown; milk and water were the main beverages. Atlanteans were addicted to tobacco and drugs; the main drug was known as permica.

The "High Men" as the spirit described the upper classes, were permitted two wives, but peasants only had one. Slaves were kept by anybody who could afford them, and the female slaves became the master's concubines.

Both sexes were promiscuous when unmarried, but an unfaithful wife was put to death. There was no divorce.

Men wore a short skirt similar to those worn by the Greek soldiers on ceremonial occasions. Women wore nothing at all, but their position in life was indicated by the amount and value of jewelry they wore on their necks, ankles, arms, thighs and breasts.

The spirit was asked why he had not returned to

Earth and he answered that he was "doing his repentance for having preached false gods."

Bates' next incarnation, the spirit told him, was in Ancient Egypt, 1,500 years ago, when he was an Egyptian noble called Hadenj. In this life, Bates was killed in a duel by his mistress's jealous husband.

In his third life on Earth, Bates was told, he was Plato. This seemed incredible and yet Bates began to see a certain pattern. Plato had been the only man to believe in the existence of Atlantis and his investigations were the only proof it had existed. And Bates had always had an enthusiastic interest in Atlantis and Ancient Egypt. As a child Bates had been able to reel off the names and dates of all the Pharoahs.

His fourth incarnation, he was then told was in the reign of the first Queen Elizabeth in England.

THE MAD BELLS OF GREAT BEALINGS HOUSE

One Sunday morning in February, 1864, Major Edward Moor returned home from church to find his household in a state of sheer panic.

As his carriage pulled up outside the front door of his house—Great Bealings—all the servants came rushing out as if the Devil himself was chasing them. And perhaps he was. Because one of the maids fainted from

sheer relief at seeing her master returning, while the other servants incoherently started telling Moor about the bells.

In Great Bealings House there was a row of bells in the kitchen, one bell for each room in the house.

Not long after the major had left for church, something strange started to happen, his servants told him. Ever since he left the house the dining room bell had kept on ringing. But there had been nobody in the dining room. "Of *course* there would be no one in there," said the major. He was somewhat surprised, but not in the least perturbed. He would never admit the possibility of occult happenings.

He knew there must be some simple explanation. But the following day the same thing happened again, and he heard this for himself. And when it happened again the third day the major had to admit that something very unusual was going on in his home.

It was on this third day that his servants told him that five of the bells had been rung at intervals of about 15 minutes and, as before, when a servant had answered the summonses, they had found nobody in the rooms. And in two cases, the rooms had been locked on the outside. Before they had finished telling him their story it was confirmed in a dramatic way. The bells began to ring again!

The major decided that it was time he found out what was going on. There were 12 bells. He went to the kitchen to examine them. It was strange, he thought, that only five out of the 12 had been rung. But as he examined these five they all started to ring again—so violently, he half-expected them to fall from the wall!

The servants were now absolutely petrified, sure that something spooky was going on. And the ringing went on again, intermittently, for the next three hours.

The next day the noise became even worse . . . at one time every bell in the house was being rung at the same time.

The next day, however, everything was completely quiet, although everybody in the house waited breathlessly for the din to begin.

But for the next six months nothing happened.

Only on one other brief occasion did the ringing start up again, but after that the house was left in peace.

Many people were interested in the mystery and many explanations were offered. Some people suggested rats had gnawed at the wires, causing the bells to ring. Others blamed the weather, and some suggested that a practical joker must have hidden in the house. But all these possibilities had already been thoroughly discounted by the major. There just wasn't any rational explanation at all.

Eventually, even the major had to admit that he had been baffled.

However, he refused to accept the idea that anything occult had been responsible. Finally, settling for the explanation that the bells had been made to ring by something *preternatural.*

That is, different from what is natural, but he wouldn't admit that there had been anything *supernatural* in his home.

BLITHE SPIRIT KEPT HER COMPANY

Where there is a ghost, there is usually some explanation for the manifestation, such as some person having died a violent death, but this is not always true. Because despite thorough investigation, some spirits seem to appear for no reason at all.

There is such a ghost haunting a house in the Sussex village of Amberley. This is the spectre of an old man and has been seen by several people over the years. But there is no evidence of *any* kind of sensational death having occurred there. Moreover, this ghost appears to be a perfectly happy one. A real blithe spirit.

It was in 1920 when perhaps the most striking encounter with this ghost took place. Two women, Mrs. Corbridge and Mrs. Jones were calling upon a friend who was living in a house in Amberley called The Cedars.

Miss Mitchell, the elderly owner, invited them into the house, explaining that she was especially glad they had called, because sometimes it got very lonely for her. Her two visitors stayed for quite some time. When the visitors were leaving, Miss Mitchell told them sadly how sorry she was to see them go. Being all alone she enjoyed company.

Outside the house, the visitors compared notes: how *could* the woman have kept insisting that she was all alone? Hadn't they both seen an old man get up out of a chair and go upstairs when they arrived?

They were puzzled. Even more so when they mentioned their experience to other villagers and were assured that the lady they had visited *was* living by herself.

They spoke of the old man they had seen, but were told: "Oh, that would be the ghost. Miss Mitchell never sees it, although she lives there all the time. Yet that ghost does exist. Several people have seen him."

Now intrigued, the two women asked further questions about the phantom old man at The Cedars. They learned he had been seen many times. Usually, it is only his face that can be seen, staring through an upstairs window. One man, who had seen this face at the window, told the two women of his experience.

Apparently, Edward Whymper, famous mountaineer who climbed the Matterhorn, had once stayed in the village and had been consulted about the ghost. Whymper agreed that the face *was* visible. And said that a photograph had once been taken of the house in which the face could be seen quite clearly. There was no doubt that it was a ghost face, because at the time the picture was snapped there was nobody in the house at all!

Some years later (about 1947), structural alterations were made to the house, and the name was changed. Since then, nobody has seen the ghost's face at the upstairs window.

THE GHOST AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PIT

Though Fred Foers didn't like working in the damp, dark coal mines, like most of the other boys in Barnburgh, Yorkshire, in 1923; there wasn't any hope of avoiding this work.

Fred had started there at the age of 14, as a pit boy, whose job was leading the ponies and trucks from the deepest parts of the mine. But after several months there, he still had a deep-rooted fear of darkness. The overwhelming feeling of claustrophobia which he had to fight every day before starting his shift.

Most of his friends had warned him about the feeling, but with them it usually passed after several months. Not with Fred, however. He was certain that someday, something terrifying was going to happen to him —down a mine. And it did.

One morning he arrived at the stables to collect his pony, when the pit's deputy shift boss told him that there had been a change in routine. Fred was being sent to work in an older, more isolated mine shaft, some distance away from the main facing. At this, his premonition of danger became stronger and it took all his courage to quell the temptation to plead illness and leave the pit. But more than that Fred feared the ridi-

cule of his mates, so he accepted his instructions quietly.

During the first half of the shift nothing unusual happened, and gradually Fred began to relax. Then when the colliers knocked off for lunch Fred found himself alone.

Before eating, Fred walked some way down the old workings. His pit lamp's faint beam only emphasized the stark bleakness of the tunnel. The flimsy pit props supporting the hundreds of tons of earth and rock made Fred's flesh crawl.

Then to his surprise he saw the glow of a collier's pit-lamp, but he didn't recognize the man. This miner was examining the pit props and suddenly he turned and saw Fred. Shouting in alarm, the man waved Fred back: "Get out of here, you young fool! This roof is going to cave in . . ." Fred didn't stop to argue, he turned and stumbled back through the darkness. By the time he caught up with the other miners, he was almost collapsing.

Thinking the boy was ill, they listened in amazement as he blurted out his story. The deputy who had arrived on the scene, snapped: "You must have been seeing things, lad! There's nobody else down in those workings." But the miners were a superstitious lot and were refusing to return to work.

An ominous rumbling came from the workings Fred had just left—and suddenly the air was filled with blinding choking dust. The roof *had* caved in.

When the noise had subsided, the rumbling stopped and the dust settled, the men cautiously made their way back to the workings—when they saw that a whole section of the tunnel was now blocked by the subsidence.

In view of what had happened, the deputy treated the boy more gently, asking him to describe the miner he had seen—the man whose warning had saved his life.

Slowly, the deputy and miners realized that Fred's description of the "other man" could only mean one thing—he had seen a ghost. Because the man he described could only have been Tom Olroyd—a miner who was killed in a roof fall some months earlier. And his ghost must have come as a warning to Fred and the others.

THE VILLAGE WAS RULED BY THE DEVIL!

Even today the sight of a white rabbit in the fields surrounding the picturesque Essex village of Canewdon can be guaranteed to make many of the older inhabitants shudder with fear . . . for they remember only too well, the days when Canewdon became a kingdom upon Earth, for the Devil and all his disciples. And the white rabbit was their symbol.

Their fear is a deep rooted one, the sort that is not easy to forget, because for over three hundred years, Canewdon was held in the clutches of an evil tribe of black magicians, whose powers were beyond all comprehension.

Yet it was less than 60 years ago that the last witch of Canewdon died, and sanity returned to the district . . .

George Pickingill, the wizard, might have been the reincarnation of Satan himself, for his gaunt physique, was always strangely youthful and strong, and his hypnotically, piercing eyes terrified everybody for miles around.

Nobody ever knew how old he really was. There was no mention of his birth in the parish records. All the other Pickingills' births were recorded there, but not his.

Unless—was it possible?—was he the George Martin Pickingill who had been born in Canewdon in 1700? The very idea sounds impossible, yet nobody who was alive in the village when he died, in 1906, could ever remember him as a child.

As far back as the oldest villager could remember—a woman of 97—Pickingill had always been a terrifying *old* man.

He had never been known to go anywhere near the village churches, until that fatal day, in 1906 when a gusty March wind blew his hat from his head—and whipped it over the wall, to roll up to the very steps of the church.

Pickingill hesitaed—and looked around for somebody to fetch it for him. But there were only a few children around, and a bevy of gossiping housewives who fled into a house to watch the wizard from behind their curtains.

They all noticed the way the wizard approached the church with great reluctance, and bent down before

the great oak cross above the porch to pick up his hat.

Suddenly, they saw his body stiffen: he looked up at the cross, then screamed—and collapsed.

An ambulance was summoned to take him to the hospital, but Pickingill seemed to know that he was dying, because as he was carried through the crowd on a stretcher, he cursed the villagers, and vowed that he would not go easily to his grave, for even after death he would still demonstrate that his evil power could still reach them.

He was right, for a few days later he died, and it appeared that he fulfilled his final promise in a most spectacular manner.

As the horsedrawn hearse trundled slowly up the gentle hill towards the churchyard gates, the hearse suddenly stopped—but the horses kept on. The hearse careened down the slope, into the ditch—and the coffin shot out onto the roadway.

The driver leaped down and brought the two grays back, and everyone in the crowd heard his puzzled exclamation—for the harness certainly hadn't broken; the buckles had been loosened!

Watched by everybody, the undertaker and the driver loaded the coffin back into the hearse, then re-harnessed the horses to the vehicle—and once again started slowly up towards the cemetery.

On that occasion they almost succeeded—then suddenly the same thing happened!

It was as if some invisible power didn't want the coffin to pass across the consecrated churchyard. For, just as the horses passed through the gates, the harness

slipped off again, the horses plodded on, and the hearse raced back down the hill once more.

When the harness was examined for a second time, it was seen that the straps had once more been inexplicably freed from the buckles. After that, the driver refused to have anything more to do with the burial.

George Pickingill's coffin had to be carried by six of the strongest men in the village all the way to his grave.

There seemed little doubt that Pickingill was a man who possessed incredible powers, and that he used them to rule the district all around Canewdon like a feudal lord, for he never had to work in the fields like the other men. If he wanted food, then he just walked into the village shops and helped himself. If he wanted clothing, shoes, or even a meal, all he had to do was to ask for them.

Even the local landowner never asked for any rent for the large and valuable house that the Pickingill family had occupied for well over 150 years!

And anybody who was foolish enough to cross George Pickingill invariably became ill! There was never any doubt that he was to blame; all he had to do was touch the person with the curiously carved stick he always carried, mutter a weird incantation . . . and within a matter of hours, that person was ill.

Doctors were always baffled by the symptoms, for it was a fever that they could never cure. The only person who had the remedy was the wizard himself, and he could—and did—cure his victims—if they were willing to pay highly for his services.

By the beginning of the present century, Pickingill's

reputation was so infamous, that other black magicians from all over Europe were known to have consulted him.

When he walked through the village streets, even the children stopped playing until he was out of earshot; the villagers would stand in terror until he was actually out of sight.

There were many occasions when Pickingill boasted that he was the greatest black magician there had ever been—and he certainly seemed able to prove his claim.

On at least *two* occasions, between 1900 and 1906, he startled several strangers to the village in quite an incredible way, when they refused to believe his claim. He would point to a cornfield that normally required a dozen laborers, working all day long, to cut and bind the crop.

All Pickingill had to do was to sit beneath a tree, then when everybody in the village was asleep he would "summon up my personal imps" . . . and between midnight and dawn the crop had been dealt with.

The most curious thing about it all was that there were never any footprints in the soil—except for Pickingill's.

His home was an eerie sight, with its darkened windows and the wispy smoke that told of the fire inside that was being used to concoct a potion for a curse. No one ever ventured to knock on the door even if anyone was sick and needed treatment; as far as treatment was concerned, the wizard, by some uncanny means, always knew if one of the villagers was unwell. He would be at that home with a cure, and administered it unasked.

On the odd occasions when someone was invited to

his house for some reason or other, strange things happened in the room behind Pickingill's back. Everything would move about in a weird sort of dance, the ornaments on the shelves, the tables and chairs; and this continued until the wizard thought that the observers had seen enough. Then he would wave his hand in the air and the dancing stopped.

If he was stopped in the street by a villager, he would answer the question before he had been even asked. There can be no doubt that he had some strange power: what it was, no one discovered.

But Pickingill didn't have things all his own way, latterly in his life. For in a weatherboard cottage on the outskirts of the village lived a white witch. Whereas old Pickingill had been hated she was a much loved character.

Known as "Old Granny" she helped many people to protect themselves against the influence of Pickingill and his evil cohorts by placing a pair of scissors under the doormat. This was supposed to prevent witches from entering. She also made up "witch bottles" for anyone who asked.

For some unknown reason, one of the black witches, Nellie Donson, took a dislike to one of the prettiest girls in the village, shortly after Pickingill died.

Not only did she terrify the girl by leaving black magic objects about her home, but also by haunting her even in her sleep.

Soon the girl was in such a state, that her parents called in the white witch, who prescribed a "witch bottle."

The concoction was made up immediately, then the

bottle was placed among the red-hot coals of the kitchen fire. The white witch, the girl and her parents gathered around and watched the brew beginning to bubble.

When it started simmering, the white witch locked all the doors and windows from the inside. Soon the bottle was almost bursting from the pressure within it.

That was when everybody heard a moaning by the cottage door—then the sound of claws being dragged sharply down the full height of the door panels.

Yet neighbors, who were watching the cottage anxiously, all swore that nobody approached the house during that time.

Suddenly the bottle erupted—the explosion sent shattered glass flying all about the kitchen. And the concoction sent a sheet of flame roaring up the chimney.

The white witch opened the front door, and pointed to the deep scratch marks that had come from nowhere. Then she nodded approvingly and told the girl that she would have no more trouble with the witch Donson.

She was right. For a few minutes later Donson's cottage burst into flames—and the black witch died.

APPARITION AT SANDRINGHAM HOUSE

One autumn day in 1960 Dudley Keogh called at Sandringham House—one of the official residences of the British Royal Family. It was strictly a routine business call so far as he was concerned and there was nothing about the occasion to suggest the frightening experience he was to undergo.

Keogh arrived by car, and completed his business with an official there. However, it was very late by the time he left the castle and went towards his car.

The car was parked some short distance away, and it was while walking through the twilight that he saw the figure a short distance ahead of him. From the back, it seemed to be a young girl, walking very slowly with bowed shoulders as if she was very sad.

As he drew nearer, Keogh noticed that she was wearing a nun's habit, and she was walking so slowly that he soon drew level with her. In the same split second that he spoke to her, he realized that there was something odd—the cowled head appeared to be wreathed in some filmy substance, which reminded him of cobwebs, and Keogh experienced a sudden feeling of apprehension . . .

On hearing his voice, the girl stopped and suddenly turned to face him. To his horror, Keogh saw a white, ghostly face peering at him. But it was the eyes that filled him with fear. Instead of the clear eyes one might have expected in a very young girl—there were only gaping eye-sockets staring blankly at him. Petrified, he wanted to flee . . . but he couldn't move. It was as if he was compelled by some uncanny force to remain there and gaze upon that terrible face. Then just as he managed to muster the strength to break into a run, the apparition started to move swiftly towards him . . . and to his further horror it passed right through

him. Terrified, Keogh fled . . . but glancing behind him, he saw nothing. *The ghost had vanished.*

Later, when he retold his experience to an official at Sandringham, he was told that it was the ghost of the beautiful young girl who was murdered by an Abbess, and whose spirit had haunted the castle for many centuries, because of a curse laid on her by this Abbess. Apparently, the girl was accused of seducing the brother of an Abbess in charge of a convent which once stood on the site of Sandringham. This happened shortly before the young man was due to enter a monastery. The Abbess was so angry, that she secretly planned to murder her. Playing on the girl's conscience, making her see how sinful she had been, the Abbess persuaded her to become a nun in order to atone for this sin.

The girl eventually entered the convent one Christmas Eve, but she did not live to take her vows. The Abbess had the girl thrust into a wall cavity and bricked up alive, then left her in a crypt to die, at the same time putting a foul curse upon the girl. And, ever since, the girl's ghost has wandered about the scene of her death.

STRANGER THAN FICTION

09143	Caravans of the Occult Macklin	60c
07061	Book of the Damned Fort	75c
13887	Daughters of the Devil Lefebure	95c
14256	Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft Scott	75c
37176	Invisible Horizons Gaddis	75c
48290	Life, The Unknown Hurwood	75c
48861	Lo! Fort	95c
64475	Out of this World Macklin	75c
75958	Sex and Satanism Steiger	95c
88700	Widespread Psychic Wonders Smith	75c
90050	Witness to Witchcraft Lefebure	75c

Available wherever paperbacks are sold or use this coupon.

ace books, (Dept. MM) Box 576, Times Square Station
New York, N.Y. 10036

Please send me titles checked above.

I enclose $.....Add 15¢ handling fee per copy.

Name .....

Address .....

City..... State..... Zip.....
Please allow 4 weeks for delivery. 18A 5/72

There are a lot more where this one came from!

ORDER your FREE catalog of Ace paperbacks here. We have hundreds of inexpensive books where this one came from priced from 50¢ to $2.00. Now you can read all the books you have always wanted to at tremendous savings. Order your *free* catalog of Ace paperbacks now.

ACE BOOKS • Box 576, Times Square Station • New York, N.Y. 10036

PASSPORT TO THE UNKNOWN

You are about to take a trip–for when you pick up this book, you pick up your ticket for a mind-bending excursion into another world—a world where the fantastic becomes ordinary, and the supernatural is commonplace; where

- ***A POSTAGE STAMP PHOPHESIES A KING'S DEATH!***
- ***DEAD MEN WAKE UP AT THE SOUND OF A TRUMPET!***
- ***AN ENTIRE VILLAGE IS RULED BY THE DEVIL!***
- ***A CHILD'S DOLL BECOMES A KILLER!***
- ***PLUS GUIDED TOURS THROUGH OTHER LANDS WHERE THE LIVING COEXIST WITH THE DEAD!***

Just over the bend of the horizon, lurking beyond the periphery of your vision, is the land time forgot. So welcome aboard—you are holding in your hand a *Passport To The Unknown!*